Blue and Gray

Commencement, June, 1911

DONOR: MRS. KENNETH SLATER 8-31-82

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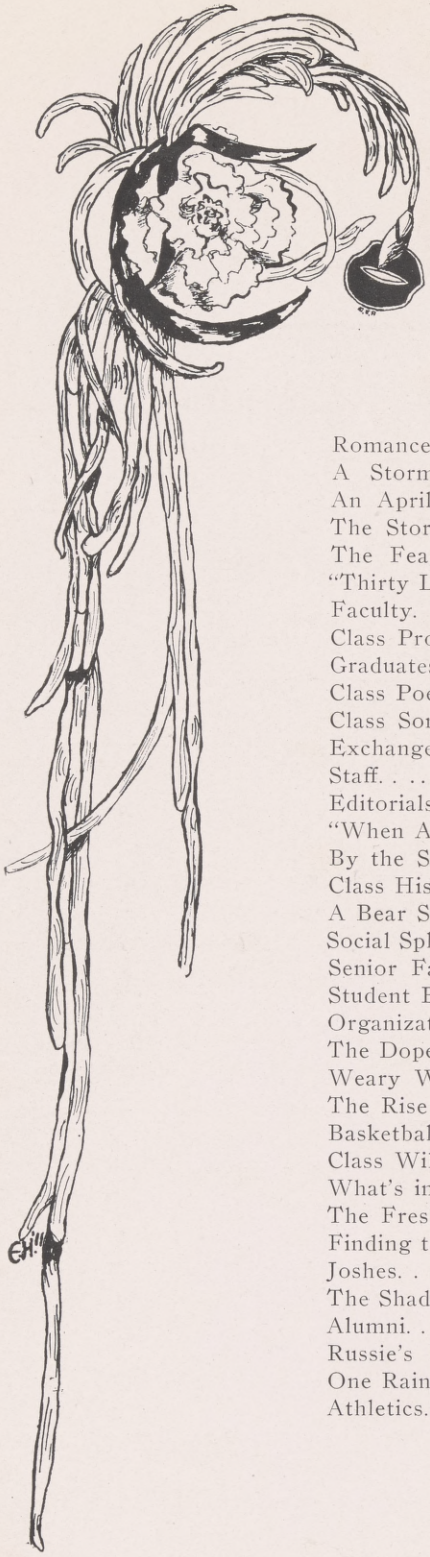
MOUNTAIN VIEW
PIONEER & HISTORICAL
ASSOCIATION

To the citizens of Mountain View High School District, in grateful appreciation of the new building which they have given us, we the students of Mountain View High School, dedicate this issue of the "Blue and Gray."



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The Blue and Gray

Published by the

STUDENTS OF THE MOUNTAIN VIEW HIGH SCHOOL

Mountain View, California, June, 1911

Romance de la Rosa

IT was noon time at Rancho Pastoria de las Borregas. The farm hands had eaten their noonday meal and had retired for their afternoon siesta.

The old farm house appeared deserted. The long avenue of trees seemed lonely, as the breeze rustled through their branches. The old Spanish house, with its long shady veranda, seemed as if it were basking in the sun.

It was the type of house the Spanish built before the Americans came with their new style of architecture. The house seemed admirably fitted for its surroundings, so thoroughly Californian. It was a low, one-story structure, drab or adobe-colored, with a long, sloping tile roof. Projecting from beneath the roof-eaves was a wide veranda some fourteen feet wide, which extended around the entire house. This was the living room. Here the family received their morning guests, and here they gathered to sing their evening songs and tell tales of old Spain. One end of the porch was entirely covered with beautiful climbing white roses. Their scent burdened the air. Before the house there was an orchard of fruit trees whose branches were laden to breaking point with red apples and pears and such fruits as we find in California at this season.

To one side towards the rear of the house was a tall oak tree whose branches overshadowed the entire structure. All afternoon its spreading arms embraced it with a dark, restful shade. To the rear, removed at some distance, were the large white-washed barns. Close to these were the small "bunk-houses" of the ranch. Around to the west, and on every shady side of the mansion, we beheld the family garden with its rose bushes and many blooming flowers. Far away on the horizon lay the blue waters of the San Francisco Bay. Towering against the sky were the hazy blue mountains of Hayward shore, known as the Coast Range. To the east and south were the beautiful Santa Cruz mountains.

To the west were endless groves of oak trees, above whose tops the evening sun often displayed its gorgeous, ever changing mantle of red, purple, and myriads of colors, which have been the envy of man since the first wielder of the brush tried to portray them on canvas.

Around the immediate vicinity of the house were the far-stretching grain fields, interspersed here and there with an oak tree or farther away, with a green barrier of chaparral.

The door opened and a woman stepped out on the veranda. She walked to the south side and putting her hands above her eyes looked across the dazzling hay fields and down the dusty road that led away to the blue mountains. She seemed to expect the arrival of some coach or rider. She was the beautiful type of womanhood we could have seen were we in California fifty years ago. She was tall and slender, with a wealth of black, luxuriant hair, tinged here and there with gray. Her eyes were those mild black Spanish eyes that look at you so wistfully and speak a soul's tenderness in a glance. She was about 40 years of age, and her face showed traces of care, yet there was something in it that bespoke a warmth of heart and gentleness of spirit. She wore a loose fitting black dress and over her head and shoulders was thrown a mantilla of beautifully wrought lace. Taking a last lingering look up the lonely road, she turned and closed the door behind her.

For hours the Rancho laid in dull stillness. Every creature seemed to be resting. Only now and then was heard the lowing of a cow in the far off meadows, or the cackling of a hen in the poultry yard.

It was near the hour of four. The farm hands were roused from their afternoon sleep, and were busying themselves with their various tasks. Some were saddling their Mexican ponies to go on a journey, others were attaching their horses to rakes and other farm implements. Some were driving the turkeys in to their pens, and others were going out the barnyard gate to drive the cows from the fields. Again the door opened and the Senora looked away toward the road.

A cloud of dust was barely perceptible far away on the horizon. Gradually it became higher and nearer, then in full view as it swung around the curve of the long avenue leading to the house, came the old stage coach.

The coach was making a trip from San Francisco to San Jose, carrying passengers and mail. It took ten hours to make the journey. They had certain stations where they could change horses and the "Rancho" was one of these posts.

The Senora ran out to meet the carriage. The driver recognized her and doffed his cap. With a jerk, the coach stopped

and the passengers made ready to get out. Now the man of the house came out, his beaming face expressing his cordial welcome. He was a nobleman, a typical cavalier of old Spain. He was some sixty years of age, about six feet in height, and had a noble face, with black Spanish eyes.

He came up to the side of his wife, and with hat removed, bowing low, received his guests. There was a round of hand-shaking and congratulations.

Last to step out of the coach was a beautiful maiden of some eighteen summers. Her rosy cheeks and milk-white complexion set off her dark eyes, and a wealth of black hair that fell over her shoulders in beautiful soft curls. The old couple seemed much joyed at seeing her. She ran up to meet them and took their hands. The dear Senora threw her arms about her and kissed her black locks. The old man smiled and patted her on the back.

She was their granddaughter, who was attending school at Mission Dolores and was always accustomed to spend her vacation with her grandparents at the Rancho. The days were long for them when she was away—anxiously they awaited the autumn and her return.

The season for shearing the sheep and herding the cattle was at hand. The cattle were driven from one part of the valley to the other. From the mountains, the herds were driven into the valleys to graze upon the stubble fields during the autumn. When the plowing season came around the cattle were driven to Alviso and put aboard the vessels and shipped to Yerba Buena, now San Francisco. Two herdsmen came in with their cattle, and when they had driven them into the pasture they joined the merrymakers in the house. They were both happily disposed; one appeared to be thirty-five or forty years or so, the other was a mere lad of about eighteen years.

They went into the long dining room and sat with the other guests, a jolly gathering of about twenty. Many a peal of laughter re-echoed through the house, many a toast was given and many a song was sung. The host was great-souled and shared his board with wayfarers even as he would his own family. His home was open to beggar and prince alike. Sad to say it was the over-hospitality more than mismanagement that caused the financial ruin of many old Spanish pioneers. Their motto seemed to be, "Eat today and forget tomorrow. Let come what will."

After the repast, the guests adjourned to the inner court of the home. This was the living room. It was an open space in the center of the house. There was always a garden in it with a lawn, and above all, a fountain. About the fountain was a stone pavement, smooth as a polished floor. All around on the lawn were benches and easy chairs.

The company seated themselves, and those who had musical instruments brought them forth. To the music of the guitar, the assembly sang "Mia Carita" and "La Paloma." When the music had died away, the fair granddaughter, Senorita Rose, came forth to dance. To the click of the castinets, and the subdued music of the guitar, she danced about the fountain with the grace of a fairy.

She would toss her head and wreath her body into all beautiful forms imaginable. From one side she would gracefully bend to the other, always managing to keep her step in exact count with the music. She seemed fairylike as she glided through all the fantastic touches of the dance. The waters of the fountains seemed to smile in their ecstacy.

The entire company were enraptured with her dancing. When she ceased a hush fell. As she went to take her seat her glance met the eyes of the young herdsman and she smiled at him gently and with a countenance that bespoke a soul of love. He blushed and dropped his eyes to the ground.

After the dance, wine was served and then over the glasses were told the tales and experiences of the wayfarers. There was the story of love and adventure and bull fighting that so touched the fickle, sport-loving Spanish heart. After the story all dispersed to their various apartments, because all were to be up early on the following morning, the coach to make its journey to San Jose, and the family to attend the festive celebration. Upon this great feast day, all the settlers came together to the Mission to celebrate the natal day of its patron saint. This was the greatest celebration besides Easter and Christmas.

The next morning at dawn the coach took its leave for San Jose. The excursionists made ready to attend the feast at Santa Clara. The horses were saddled and stood before the door.

There rode that morning a unique cavalcade. There were five in the party—the Senor, Senora and Senorita Rosa, besides the two vaqueros who had come to Pastoria the previous day. They must need be present at the celebration because they were to participate in the bull fight. It was a grand sight, in the first glimpse of the sunrise, to see the gay equestrians mounted on their prancing steeds. The Senora rode in a regal manner. Miss Rosa rode upon an Indian pony that pranced on its fore feet as seeming to enjoy himself, rolling his jangling bit or silver martingale. She was attired in a beautiful brown velvet riding habit. The trappings were of brown velvet, beautifully embroidered with gold braid. A black mantilla was thrown about her shoulders and it fluttered in the breeze behind her. Her beautiful black tresses were caught with a large red, velvety rose. A few strands fluttered about her and fell upon her white neck. The Senor and

Senora rode ahead, chattering with one of the vaqueros. Miss Rosa rode some distance in the rear, since she had some trouble in curbing her pony. The more chivalrous dark-eyed vaquero rode along beside her and held her pony by the bridle. They were engaged in a frivolous conversation. Now and then the Senorita's sweet treble voice rang out in happy laughter.

So the time passed as they traveled over the "Camino Real." Then they came in sight of the Mission Santa Clara. A great crowd was gathered around the mission church.

The company dismounted, and after exchanging many friendly greetings, filed into the church to attend Mass. The chapel was filled to overflowing with a motley crowd of Indians and maidens, and dandies who had assembled for the Fiesta. After mass they made their way to the west side of the plaza, where a great feast was spread under the majestic oak trees. The great trees with their overspreading branches invited them. Beeves had been barbecued and the tables were laden with autumn fruits and everything that would tempt the most fickle appetite. The wine was passed and everyone ate and drank to his heart's content.

About 4 o'clock, when the sun withdrew into the west and the shades began to lengthen, the company left the table and went to the bull ring. The participants had left some time before, so that everything should be in readiness at the ring. As Miss Rosa's friend took his leave, she waved her dainty white handkerchief at him and said: "Victoria, Caballero! Victory to you, my Lord!"

The fight was held in a large enclosed arena, and the grandstands were graced with as much grandeur and fashion as any assemblage that gathers to witness one of our college football tournaments. The ladies were attired in rich garments, and the gentlemen wore their courtly festival garments, with their plumed cavalier bonnets of the eighteen century.

When the crowd was seated, the riders walked into the ring from a side entrance. Deafening cheers arose as they went to take their places. Miguelo came into the middle of the field and looked about for Rosa. He spied her far up on the bleachers enthusiastically waving her hand. An eagerness betrayed itself in her black eyes. He smiled and doffed his plumed hat. He remembered her last words, "On to victory!" For her sake he would win or die on the field.

The pages led the horses into the middle of the field and each vaquero mounted his own steed. Miguelo glanced once more at the place where Rosa was seated and smiled. Then he turned, put his foot in the stirrup, and his horse was away with a bound. He rode to the western side and waited till the bull should be let loose.

The crowd was spellbound awaiting the decisive moment;

the three riders looked far away over the tops of the dark oak trees as if in silent prayer for divine assistance.

With a mad rush the angry, blood-thirsty bull came tearing into the arena enveloped in a cloud of dust which he had kicked up during his wild pawing.

Seeing the animal, the crowd gave a cheer. As the mighty bull plunged at the red cloth flaunted in his face, they stood silent, awaiting to see the rider unhorsed. Their expectations were fulfilled, when with a deafening bellow, the angry creature drove at the wretched horse and gored with its long, brass-pointed horns. The horsemen climbed the walls of the arena in haste.

The other vaquero made a dash at the bull, attempting to lasso him, but the rope slipped through his hands and, like his friend, he was driven from the field.

The conquering of the monster was left to Miguelo. The angry bull cast his eyes about the ring to see if he could see another horseman with whom he could contest. Seeing Miguelo in the far corner he threw his head up as if in defiance. Then, again looking at his victim, and with a death-driving blow, he rushed upon him. But Miguelo was too quick for him. With a short turn of the rein, he turned his Mexican pony from the course. The angry bull plunged headlong into Miguelo's red vaunting cloth, and with a thud he struck the arena. A deafening shout of praise arose from the benches and died away in the recesses of the neighboring hills.

Miguelo remained very placid. Mounting his pony with haste he rode to the other side of the arena, directly opposite to where the animal stood. Dismounting, he stood beside his horse. The bull again tossed his tawny mane, and bellowing, once more sought his victim. The crowd rose to their feet. Miguelo faced him calmly until the bull seemed almost upon him. Then with a rapid turn he ran, cried "Spiriti" to his pony, grabbed the pommel of the saddle, mounted, and was away. Missing the victim, the bull made a violent turn and in his haste he threw himself. Again the crowd applauded with cheers and resumed their seats.

Miguelo thought it about time to crown the occasion, so he took the initiative, and as soon as the bull was on his feet, he was again in motion. The bull surveyed him and then with a terrible onrush drove toward the horse. Miguelo threw his lariat and entwined it about the horns of the great bull. Spurring his pony he rode quickly toward the wall. The rope became taut and then it threw the mighty monster to the earth. The bull lay still, but puffing with all his strength. Dismounting Miguelo ran to the bull's side and pulled the rope from under the animal. Then turning, he mounted the horse and rode quickly out of the opposite gate. He had conquered.

During the contest Rosa sat motionless, her lips pallid with fear. Terror seized her heart, for she feared that defeat and death would come to her champion. When Miguelo threw the beast her fear seemed somewhat allayed. Her eyes danced with joy when he dismounted and unbound the creature. As he rode through the gate she gazed in the direction in which he had gone long after he had passed through the portals.

She followed the great crowd to the dance pavilion, where all was aglow with the bright torches. Festoons were hung from the overhanging trees, but the moon dimmed the torchlight as it cast its glancing beams through the branches of the trees.

The partner for her first waltz was her uncle, the Don Senor. Then Miguelo came up. His face was beaming with joy, and catching a glimpse of Rosa's eyes a smile came over his face. Seeing him she came forth to greet him. Grasping his hand, and with eyes lowered she said: "Ah, my Victor!" She smiled, and taking her on his arm they glided away over the polished floor. The Senor and Senora smiled after them. Catching the beat of the dreamy waltz they soon lost themselves in the merry crowd.

So the night passed. The next day was spent in horse-racing, cock-fighting, and all those games that so delight the frivolous heart. So the crowd spent the day, but Rosa and Miguelo spent the greater part of the afternoon under the shade trees in the plaza. That evening was spent in visiting friends in the Mission town.

The next morning they attended Mass and after bidding their friends farewell they made their way out along the "Camino Real" homeward bound.

II.

The waning days of autumn were very uneventful at the Rancho. Oftimes in the quiet of the evening Rosa sat on the veranda and watched the Omnipotent Artist paint awe-inspiring pictures on the western sky. She would linger until the last ray of light lost itself in the oblivion of the approaching night. Miguelo, too, would sit for hours on the edge of the veranda and to the accompaniment of the guitar he would pour out his soul in the ecstacies of sweetest music. Sometimes the master and the lady of the house would join in the chorus of the more familiar airs of "Mia Carita" and "La Paloma." When Miguelo would sing the latter song, in his eyes could be detected a far-away look that bespoke thoughts of his "La Paloma" (dove), the fair Rosa.

At other times during the absence of the grandparents, the two lovers would cease to sing and quiet would hold sway. Miguelo would tell tales of his adventure. Rosa, about her early home before her mother's death, and then of the school days

spent in the convent at Mission Dolores. On such occasions something passed between the two lovers; something unknown to the Senor and Senora, but of all importance to the Senorita and Don Miguelo.

The end of the autumn season drew nigh. The stubble in the pasture had become down-trodden and unwholesome. The cattle had to be driven to new pastures. This meant the departure of Don Miguelo and his vaqueros.

The cattle were driven into corrals near the house and everything was put in readiness for the leave-taking of the vaqueros on the morrow. The last evening was spent in the usual way on the veranda. The Senor and Senora were present. Miss Rosa showed signs of nervousness and distress to such a degree that it was noticed by her grandparents. Being asked the cause she answered in a nonchalant manner and with a sweet Spanish accent: "My Lord rides forth tomorrow!"

The little company broke up. The vaqueros bade all a kind good-night, because they were to ride away early on the morrow before the Rancho would be awake. As Miguelo bade Rosa "farewell" a strange feeling came over him and gave evidence of itself in his drawn countenance. He looked into her eyes and with faltering accents whispered, "Farewell, mia Carita. Farewell!'

* * * * * *

A rap was heard at the window. She started in her sleep. Then the sash went up and a whisper of words, "Rosa. Come, my Rosa!" was heard in the stillness of the evening air. The curtain was up and the full moon flooded the room. In bold relief against the moon-flooded light of the wnidow stood Miguelo, "Come, Rosa," he whispered softly.

"I cannot, Miguelo, I cannot!" Rosa drew near to him and gasped. "Miguelo, how can I? What will the Mother Senora say? What will the girls at the convent say? Miguelo, I must choose between home and lover—how can I?"

He stroked her fevered brow and said: "Rosa, you have promised. I know you will be my bride. Rosa, I love you. Come!"

Then, casting her tresses back as if determined to conquer her own will, she murmured: "Miguelo, I come." She threw her mantilla about her shoulders and took her beads from the dresser. Looking through the window across the veranda she could see the waiting pony.

Silently caressing the pony at every step, fearing he might step too loudly she and Miguelo made their way along the avenue of popular trees toward the gate. The trees seemed to give her courage and the wind rustling through their branches bade her God-speed.

At the gate she lingered. She looked down the long vista

overcast here and there with the shadows of the lofty poplars. She took a last longing look at the old home. How calm and peaceful it was in the shimmering moonlight. How sweet the scent of the pollen laden orange blossoms. Why should she leave this, her home, for one—she knew not where. Her pony turned about and she and her lover jaunted away over the dusty road.

All night they rode and all the next day through busy little hamlets; then one and on from one rancho to another, from one villa to another, till the evening found them far beyond Mission San Jose. Here they found refuge for the night at a friendly rancho. Rosa needed rest, for the long ride had wearied her. The young lovers were welcome. In those days no one was obliged to tell his station or mission to secure lodgings. All were welcome. The poor were as welcome as the rich; the humble as well as the haughty. 'Twas one great family. "What Providence gave for one was for all," was the motto. The weary travelers were welcomed to the rancho.

The morning sun again rose o'er the Rancho Pastoria but it did not bring the same joy to the hearts that were accustomed to await its coming. It rose over a scene of confusion. The farm hands were gathered about the front door; the Senora went from room to room calling "Rosa! Rosa!" but the empty rooms only re-echoed the words.

The Senor stood for a moment on the veranda, his hands folded over his breast, his head downcast and his eyes fixed upon the ground. With a stamp he turned around quickly and said: "I know. Ah, I know!" "Tell me quickly," replied the Senora, in anxious tones. "Tell Me." "She has eloped with that accursed Miguelo. That inexorable dog. Accursed be his soul."

The dear Senora sobbed and wiped the tears from her eyes, gasped "Rosa, my only—Rosa. How could you?" and fainted away. The Senor lifted her up and carried her gently inside and laid her on a couch. For fully five minutes he gazed into her white face and as he looked she gasped: "Oh, Rosa!" At the words he bowed his head and said: "My blessing be upon them. I forgive them."

III.

The next morning with lighter hearts, the two lovers left the farmhouse and at the next noontide they found themselves at their journey's end—far away in a little secluded hamlet, nestled among the Marin hills.

They first went to a friendly priest at the Mission San Rafael and were married. At last their dreams were realized. Those plans which they had arranged on the veranda of Rancho Pastoria had at last come true.

The young couple found a cozy adobe cottage near the town

and with Miguelo's genius it was fitted up most artistically. A year passed—a little child had come into the home.

Yet another year had passed. Another fall was at hand. The fields had grown yellow. The cattle had to be taken away to Alviso to be shipped by boat to Yerba Buena. Great herds and droves of cattle were driven to this port and taken on board for the metropolis. Again sea-faring vessels would come up and take hides on board. From Marin it was a two days' journey to Alviso—two long days along the dusty road with a slow, wearied herd of cattle, but Miguelo feared it not. He kissed Rosa goodbye, called "Adios," mounted his pony and rode away after the cattle which were slowly wending their way down the road.

After two weary days of travel the herders reached Alviso with their tired, dust-covered charges. The animals were fed and watered and driven on board. All was in readiness for departure, but alas! Miguelo had forgotten the shipping papers. The bell for departure had already rung. He had just seven minutes to get the papers and return.

He mounted his pony and with break-neck speed hastened down the road toward the commission house. The papers were not ready, and they had to be signed. Again he heard the last bell ring. He snatched the papers, thrust them into his pocket and sped away towards the vessel. On he came. The ship was just moving. The draw plank was not up. Only the forefoot of the wretched animal met the plank. The horse and its heavy weight fell to meet death in the waters of the bay.

* * * * * *

Now, to turn to that sad little home. For days Rosa waited the return of her husband. From morn till eve she would stand at the door and look longingly down the road for her husband's return. Days and nights passed—each new morn brought new sorrow, each eve a sleepless night. At last, driven by hunger, she was forced to leave her home and go to the port to ascertain her husband's fate.

With a sad heart, mounted on her brave little pony, and with her babe clasped to her breast, the mother rode away from her home to find her loved one.

Wearied to exhaustion, the mother rode into the town. She went direct to the commission house, there only to learn the sad news. Her heart was filled with pain. She had lost all. Her only friend was gone. Where could she find consolation? She could not go back to her home. How could she? She was penniless, yet too proud to beg. If she should lose hope, what would become of her child?

The night came on. She found shelter in a nearby hay field. The pony grazed stubble, while Rosa and her babe lay on the

hay. So the night passed. The tiny babe fell asleep in its mother's arms. She cuddled and caressed it, although her heart was filled with anguish. She prayed to heaven for hope. A thought persisted. She could go back to the Rancho. The dear Senora would forgive her. She still had hope. She knew at least that they would not turn her away.

Driven to a last resort for food she sold her pony. She was compelled to complete the journey on foot. But the returns would buy her no food, but she sought it for her babe. Fifty cents was the price her beloved pony brought—for as we know, horses were cheap. With the food she eked out her existence and with wearied steps she made her way along the highway from the town to the Rancho.

At every step she became weaker. Every moment brought her closer home, but her energies were now all but exhausted. Her babe was crying in her arms. She was footsore, disheartened, but still determination clung to her.

Evening drew near. She was forced to rest, but still she could not till she should behold the farmhouse. Rounding the turn of the road the goal came in view. That same dear old farmhouse. How peaceful it seemed in the evening glow as the sun's rays died away behind the tall trees. A thousand thoughts came into her mind at once. Her thoughts wandered back to her childhood days in that happy home—the dear Senora and Senor.

It ran over many happy incidents and then to that fateful night when she and Miguelo rode away down that very road where she now as a wretched humble beggar, stood penniless, friendless, exhausted.

With a deep sigh of relief she arose and spurred herself onward. She rounded the corner under the great poplars; again she was on the avenue of Rancho Pastoria, but she was utterly exhausted. The old dog came up to her and barked. He seemed to know her. It gave her courage. With faltering steps she came to the house, across the plot, but life was fast leaving her body. Weighted down with sorrow and distress, her limbs lifeless from the journey, she was about to take her last step onto the porch, but fell from exhaustion. With her heavy child on her arm she struck the veranda.

The sound had evidently disturbed the household, for at that moment the Senora appeared.

"Rosa, are you back?" she cried, as she ran to the lifeless form. Tenderly she lifted the tiny babe from its mother's grasp. The little one raised its little arms pleadingly toward the dear Senora. Sobbing she picked it up with many caresses and pressed it to her bosom.

—FRANK O'CONNELL.

A Storm at Sea

The waves dash high upon the shore,
  The foam rides on their rolling crest;
The distant breakers swell and roar,
  And nothing seems to be at rest.

The black clouds gather in the west,
  A storm approaches all foreseen;
See, ships are struggling at their best!
  A distant lighthouse shows its gleam!

Within the lighthouse naught is bright,
  An old man gazeth o'er the sea;
His thoughts are wand'ring through the night
  To where his only son may be.

In manhood he had left his side,
  In foreign lands afar to roam;
In childhood had the mother died
  And left the boy without a home.

Doth he in polar snow fields roam?
  While father's fire burns clear and warm?
Does he recline in wealthy home,
  Or doth he sail out in the storm?

A dull shock from the open sea!
  Has some ship struck the rocks below?
Or can it just the thunder be?
  A sound of voices—another blow!

Beneath his weight the old stairs creak,
  The lantern trembles in his grasp.
The thunder's peal the rocks repeat,
  The wind doth blow a mighty blast.

The shore he treads for which waves reach,
  Wild waves leap up to grasp his light.
He strains his eyes out o'er the beach—
  See! What now doth meet his sight!

A body clothed in sailor's blue,
  A great wave casts up at his feet.
By light the face is a ghastly hue—
  His wand'ring son lies at his feet.

—ELDORA FREEMAN.

An April Fool

ALL those who went fishing on April Fool's day will appreciate my story. Getting up at three in the morning is not bad, neither is a breakfast on cold bacon and bread; but to be hustled down a steep mountain trail by a big brother is very bad. I was game, though. I ran, or rather slid, down the rough path, and landed at the bottom minus my belt and good temper.

"You go up and try the falls," my brother whispered. "I want to try this hole."

I did go up the creek, but not to fish. Oh, no! I sat down and pulled my shoes off, and emptied a surprising lot of dirt out of them. My brother came along soon with two fine trout. He looked at me in surprise.

"Why," he ejaculated, "you haven't even started. Where are your worms?"

"I ate them," said I, dismally.

Philip laughed outright.

"You poor girl," he said, "here are some of my worms. Now, come over here and I'll show you how to fish."

Baiting my hook and encouraging me, he dragged me over to the falls, and dropped my line in. Something tugged instantly, and I, or rather Philip, pulled a fine trout out.

"How's that for a fish?" Phil asked eagerly, and I couldn't help but feel happy.

Two boys walked swiftly by us, and then the race began. No one likes to have a fellow ahead of him stirring up the fish. Philip left me, and vanished up the creek. I tramped right along over the logs, through the wet bushes, fishing a little, and shivering a great deal. I caught plenty of roots and snags, and pretty nearly pulled two trees down getting my hook out. Philip came back once to see that I was all right, and helped me to get a hook out of the back of my dress.

I caught up with the two boys that had passed us, but I wasn't going to pass them looking as I did. I tried to get around a tree behind them. The tree was a rotten stump, you see, and I fell off the bank with it right into the creek under the boys' noses. The creek wasn't very deep, but I was soaked to the waist. Of course the boys laughed. They always do. One of them was kind enough to help me out, and the other fished my hat out for me. I

thanked them because it was necessary, and turned down the creek toward home. I lost my hooks getting over a log. I didn't want to fish, anyway. Tears of self pity blurred my sight, and slipping on a wet rock, I fell and really hurt my back. Crawling back into the bushes, I lay quiet for some minutes. Presently I took my soggy shoes and stockings off, and felt much better, but I soon grabbed them and bolted into the bushes.

I was sure that that swiftly striding man had seen me and my bare legs. I cried out in my vexation, and mashed a poor snail with my shoe. Well, the man didn't know me, anyway, and I was only twelve years old. When I reached home, about one o'clock in the afternoon, I got the biggest surprise of the day. There was Philip eating his dinner.

"How'd you get here?" I demanded.

"I walked," he said, swallowing a large carrot, "but I thought you were ahead of me."

Further explanation proved him to have been the swiftly striding young man from whom I had fled.

"Where's your fish?" asked Philip, when I had satisfied the questions of the rest of the family.

"Fish?" said I, "Oh, he's in the bottom of the creek. When I fell he went with me, but he never came out."

Philip had caught forty fish. A little petting and a good dinner cheered me up, and I told my adventures with an enthusiasm that surprised myself.

Take my advice, dear readers, and don't go fishing on April Fool's day. Rather fish in a tin pail with a bent pin. You won't hurt anything that way, much less yourself.

—EDITH ROUSE.

The Storm

Adown the mount with threatening blast,
The howling wind hath passed;
And now all's black and dark and drear!
The earth is reft of cheer.
The heavens awake and burst in flame,
And loud on old earth's frame
The echoing thunder peals, and from
Above the rain doth come.
Amidst earth's turmoil, God serene,
With gentle hands, unseen,
As ever near, His love to show,
Hath placed the beauteous bow
As beacon light on some lone shore
To guide the sailor o'er
The main, storm-tossed. So from above
He shows His children love.

—PIERRE KLEIN.

The Fearful Fate of Fair Fidelia

It was a dark and stormy night; the rain fell in torrents, while blinding sheets of lightning lighted up the dreary landscape. A solitary man could be seen clinging with bleeding hands to the sharp rocks. Above him, he could hear the screams of the heroine as the villain bore her to the waiting machine to carry her away forever. He must reach the top. Stones rattled about him and cut the soles of his dancing pumps, which he had put on in his haste.

"Archibald, my own!" she screamed.

"Coming, Dearest, but I will spoil my hands if I hurry."

"The rain is taking out my curls," she moaned.

Feeling the need of haste he bounded up the cliff to her side shoving the villain over the cliff. In doing so, he knocked down one of the wings, and the curtain was rung down amid the hisses of the gallery gods.

—DELMA PHELPS.

"Thirty Lines"

In words of no uncertain degree
My English teacher said to me,
"A poem of thirty lines you must write!"
So I seized my pen in haste to indite
A masterpiece that should send my name
Echoing down the halls of fame.
The subject is really of little account;
The needful thing is the right amount.
What if there is a limp in my rhymes?
Remember that Goldsmith stumbled at times.
My punctuation will likely be
Original to a high degree.
But if our teacher would let me wait
And finish that book she's read of late,
I could place my commas and colons, too,
With a skill that would be precise and true.
I thought when I'd written of themes a score,
My literary labors would then be o'er.
But it seems there are tortures of other kinds
For now I'm sentenced for thirty lines.
Thirty lines! That reminds me, I'll count and see
To exceed that number a crime would be.
We're getting on bravely; just one more flight
For Pegasus and me, as the end's in sight.
Ideas may seem lacking; in this short space
I can't stop for trifles, though such be the case.
If the limit on time I also must speak
As I have to read Webster by the end of the week.
Be mild with your censure for it will be meet
To remember, "Poeta nascitur non fit."

E. L. Zahn

Shirley Ward

Violet Shepard

Alice Williston

Gertrude Peckam

J. G. Gwartney

CLASS PROPHECY

Scene—The three Fates discussing the fate of class of 1911, Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos.

Lachesis—"Sisters, we must decide this day the fate of 1911."

Atropos—"Let them have some great adventure, one that shall mold their future lives."

Clotho—"I see them starting from the Hall of Fame in their airship 'Success.' Joe Urban tosses overboard as ballast the cares of the past four years. Leslie Morton steers toward the broad, peaceful Atlantic and Mr. Zahn sings in his deep, mellow voice, 'Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall.'"

Atropos—"Yes, they keep on sailing for two hours when suddenly Raymond Frazer comes running with the news, 'I've discovered a leak!' Whereupon Miss Ward all unconsciously responds 'Yes, we brought a few onions along in case of air sickness.' But Rudolph, realizing the danger of the situation, in his usual heroic manner puts his hand up to cover it."

Lachesis—"But they sink! They sink! They drop to a small island in the midst of the Pacific! All attempts to repair the airship are in vain and then at length the truth must come to them that they are stranded, so they proceed to explore the island."

Clotho—"I see the days pass and Mr. Zahn in charge of building homes, while Bernard the 'Mason,' with the assistance of the 'Housman' lays the foundations."

Atropos—"But winter is coming on with no government provided. So they quickly gather and elect officers. Leslie Morton, who as president of the class is well acquainted with the executive duties, is made governor, Edith Housman as secretary of the class, keeper of records, and Luro Rankin, who above all likes to order people around, becomes general manager of the whole island."

Lachesis—"But the winter! They must establish a heating

plant. Raymond Frazer is at first doubtful, but after some thought he says he thinks he can furnish the colonists with all the hot air that they require. Carrie, by right of her name, desires to have her home in the center of things."

Clotho—"Ten years pass with still no hope of deliverance from their curious fate. The Class of 1911 from Mountain View High School, however, seem to be quite contented, for ten years after graduation, they have succeeded in doing what no other class has ever done—they have built a city!"

Lachesis—"Yes, Rudolph Swall, who was always looking for pearls, established a pearl fishery, where all day long he fishes for a certain pearl, which he finally succeeds in securing. It was a very difficult one to find, for in truth it was a 'True Pearl.'"

Atropos—"But Joe Urban's work is still better, for he has arranged for an Interurban line between the island and Mars. The island has not received a name, but the colonists think of naming it 'Do Drop In.' Joe, after much work, arranged to make a trip to Mars in one hour. But after his first journey so many desired to go that it was hard to make a selection. At last, however, Martha and Joyce were permitted to go."

Clotho—"Oh, yes, I see; that's where the trouble begins. Martha insists upon flirting with other stars, which Joe will not permit, and when they go near the sun Joyce's hair persists in throwing off sparks, which ignite the car. After much grumbling on their part, Joe persuades them to remain with the others on the island."

Atropos—"Don't forget Delma Phelps' studio. She guarantees before taking a picture that she will make one look beautiful, even if that is not a fact."

Lachesis—"Bernard Mason thinks the town is not complete without a chewing gum factory. After five years he finds the necessary ingredients to make the gum. As the fates would have it, he has a sample to copy from, which he was chewing when they came to the island. He treats all the girls, greatly to the annoyance of Miss Peckham, who considers the advisability of beginning a series of lectures on 'Chewing Gum.'"

Clotho—"Bessie Harcourt thinks that she has found a way to grow taller and to speak louder. She looks for some kind of an herb but finds a different remedy. The recipe is to climb up the highest tree and while on top begin to say the alphabet to strengthen the voice, then drop, not climb, to the foot of the tree. She becomes very anxious to send the recipe to Reginald, so Joseph Pasaol tries to assist her in getting into communication with California."

Lachesis—"Bessie Gwartney, who while in California was always such an excellent letter writer, thinks that Elizabeth could

write and put the letter in a sealed bottle, but everyone on the island thinks the Californians would consider that old-fashioned. But Bessie stands firm in her belief that letters will never grow old-fashioned, and invents a machine, which prints at least a hundred pages a minute. Though somewhat slow, it is better than nothing."

Atropos—"Joseph Pasaol and Raymond Frazer wire a subterranean cave for Frank O'Connell's benefit. Frank gives lessons in grand opera, but in a cave, so as not to disturb Miss Williston, while she writes orations in Latin, somewhat like Cicero's. Frank is doing famously, for he can reach the high 'C's' without much trouble—with the assistance of a row boat. Ottilie Hoernig in his most promising pupil."

Clotho—"Edith Housman, who while in the United States had become such an expert at eating cherries, spends all her spare time in giving lectures on the quickest method of disposing of this tempting fruit. She is accompanied by Frances Huntington, who distributes tracts on Browning and Burke. Burke, however, is the more popular, as it is dryer and makes the better fuel."

Atropos—"Yes, and they can have equal suffrage, and Martha Job can run on the 'prohibiting' ticket as governess of the island."

Lachesis—"But the greatest accomplishment of all shall be that Luro Rankin, Joyce Colvin and Carrie Center, who, influenced by the study of chemistry under Mr. Gwartney will establish a laboratory for experimenting on gunpowder. There one day while they are busily at work Joe's car arrives, and they run out to see it. The next moment a terrific explosion occurs and they are once more back in their native land, there to take up again the work the fates laid out for them."

"All are architects of fate
Working in these walls of time.
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme."

OTTILIE HOERNIG.
CARRIE CENTER.
DELMA PHELPS.

GRADUATES.

Leslie Morton—
"Tho' modest, on his unembarrassed brow
Nature had written, 'Gentleman.'"

Elizabeth Harcourt—
"Her body was so slight,
It seemed she could have floated in the sky,
And with the angelic choir make symphony."

Joseph Pasoal—
"He knew whatever's to be known."

Joyce Colvin—
"Her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece."

Rudolph Swall—
"Music! Ah, how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell.
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou can'st breathe her soul so well?"

Delma Phelps—
"Semblant art shall carve the fair effect,
And full achievement of thy great designs."

Bernard Mason—
"In joys, in grief, in triumph, in retreat,
Great always, without aiming to be great."

Luro Rankin—
"Mine honor is my life;
Both grow in one."

Ottilie Hoernig—
"Black were her eyes as the berries that grew by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed 'neath the brown shade of her tresses."

Raymond Frazer—
"Hear ye not the hum of mighty workings?"

Carrie Center—
"I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for nae-body."

Frances Huntington—

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

Joseph Urban—

"A merrier man
Within the limit of becoming wit
I never spent an hour's talk withal,
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest."

Edith Housman—

"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed,
Your sustenance and birthright are."

Martha Job—

"There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face
That suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark and downcast eye.
The mild expression bespoke a mind
In duty firm, composed, resigned."

Frank O'Connell—

"From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceedingly wise, fair-spoken and persuading."

Bessie Gwartney—

"Tie up the ringlets on your cheek."

Class Poem

We are launching our bark on an open sea,
  Whither bound we cannot say;
But looking forward o'er a pleasant lea
  We'll row bravely on, come what may.

Our little craft bears seventeen;
  "Self Reliance" is our Captain brave;
Though dark and gloomy the path may seem,
  We'll yet attain the goal we crave.

Proudly our royal banner of green
  Striped o'er with glittering gold
We'll wave, throned in celestial sheen,
  Until what we strive for, we behold.

"Self Reliance" will carry us through
  The most fearful storms that we may meet;
And by its guidance, the skies of blue
  Will again shine forth, despite defeat.

We started our launch, our number was double;
  Later many deserted the crew,
But Nineteen Eleven has risen o'er trouble,
  A few have joined to help carry us through.

Our Pilots have been companions so constant,
  Through four long years they have smoothed our way,
And now to leave we're very reluctant,
  We'll remember the pleasure that filled each day.

Beset by trials we may often be weary
  And long to cease rowing and drift with the tide.
With our motto we cannot be dreary,
  And safely into the haven we'll glide.

—BESSIE GWARTNEY.

Class Song

For our voyage of life we have fitted ourselves
By our work thru the passing years ;
Let us now from the shore our craft pull away
And launch out with full lusty cheers.

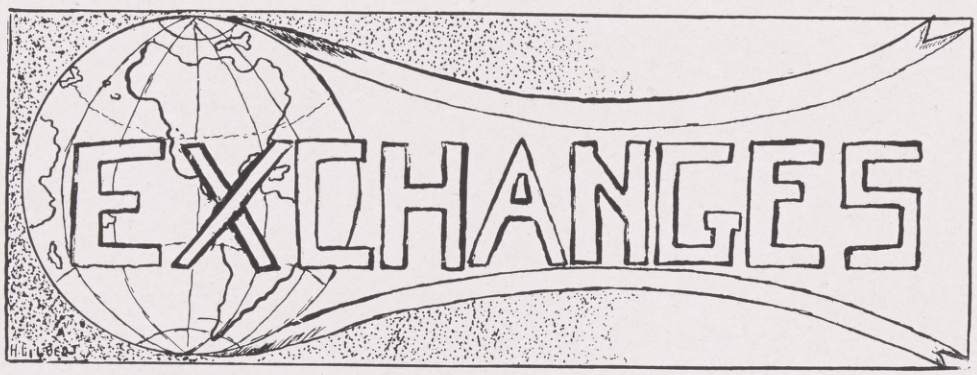
Chorus

Though the ocean waves may roll
Though the breakers mount up high
Self Reliance ever our guiding star shall be
On our own strength we'll always rely, rely, rely
On our own strength we'll always rely.

Neath our flag of green and glittering gold
We a gallant crew shall sail
Our craft will glide o'er the glistening waves
As our colors stream out in the gale.

Round our bark as we glide the gentle winds may blow
The sea may be peaceful and still
But although the tempests rage
Though the skies be dark and drear
All shall yield to our dominant will.

Martha J. Job



ANOTHER school year has passed and the editor's desk is covered with exchanges, and we greet them all with the word "Welcome!" In some instances we have two or more exchanges from the same school. We are sorry that we cannot present our paper more often, but as it is an annual we shall make mention of the different numbers which you have been so kind in sending us during the year.

This is our first attempt at reviewing our Exchanges, it being the custom in former years to merely make mention of their receipt or neglect them entirely.

Before we commence our reviewing, we must say that our exchanges have been of great assistance to us in the suggestion of ideas, besides being a source of great pleasure, and we sincerely hope that our exchange columns will grow, that our exchanges will be as much benefit to others as yours have been to us.

Perhaps the most excellent book on our review list is the "Redwood," from Santa Clara College. This is an admirable paper in every detail. The stories are intensely interesting and the poetry is some of the best we have read in any school paper. We are sorry, too, that the Xmas number is the last edition we have received. We hope it will come more often.

We were very much interested in the April edition of the "Madrono." Palo Alto, you are to be congratulated upon your paper. It is original in every detail. The cover design is unique and very appropriate. "The Iron Ledge Light" is a very interesting story. I think if you had more stories it would add much to your paper. Your "Tale of True Love" is a very original and comical cartoon. It adds a unique touch. The "Lost Schilling" in the Joshes is a good pun on your students. Try to improve the literary part by stories.

We are also in receipt of the "Sequoia" '10 Commencement number. Your cover design is good, but it is worked up in too somber colors, which gives it a rather gloomy effect. The same dismal note runs through the entire paper. A few cuts would liven it considerably. With the present arrangement you seem to crowd your paper. Cuts would give a more spaced effect. "Farewell" is an excellent poem and very appropriate for a commencement number. "Alice's Adventures in Cometland" is good. Your Josh column is interesting and your jokes are really comical.

"Oristimba," Neuman High School, Cal.—You are an excellent little paper as you stand, but if you would let your artists do a little more work, it would set your paper off to an advantage. Your cover design is "royal" with its purple and gold, and is really cheerful and inviting. As stated, your pages are conspicuous by the omission of cuts or any art work. Your stories are all good and exhibit much literary talent. Wouldn't it be well to give the "Alumni" and "Organizations" space in your paper.

"Blue and White," Sacred Heart College—We are in receipt of only your October, 1910 number. Your cover is very appropriate and well drawn. The number is well arranged and manifests very clever editing. Your literary work is excellent. Why not use more? Your Josh column is good, but entirely too small. As a suggestion, we find it well to scatter some of our joshes through the advertising section. It makes that department more interesting and directs attention toward it. Do you think it is well to have an advertisement on the cover? Wouldn't it be better inside? You are a good paper and we hope you will come more often.

The "Tiger," California School of Mechanical Arts, Xmas number, '10, is among our exchanges. As poetry, "Cedric's Tale," and a sketch "Little Nell" deserve special mention. The latter is the first sort of that material we have seen in any high school paper.

"Oak," Washington Introductory High School, Berkeley, California—We have received two of your numbers. Your name and cover design are very appropriate. We like the spirit of your motto. Being able to publish your own paper speaks well for an independent spirit which is not shown in many schools. You need more literary work. It would be well to omit some of the less interesting parts, such as schedules and the rolls of different classes, and substitute literary material. Your editorials are well written and your material well arranged.

"The Sycamore," Modesto High—Your stories are good and very interesting. "The Negro" is especially good. Would it not be better to have some stories of a different type? You have too few jokes, and some of them are old. It would be better to place some of them among the advertisements.

"The Acorn," November, Alameda—Your cover design is attractive. Some good, lively stories would help this number. Your school notes are good, and you have a nice lot of jokes. Your paper would look better if you didn't have the advertisement on the back of the cover.

The "Oriole," March, April, October, Campbell—You have a good number of stories, on the whole well written. Your exchanges are commendable for the kind spirit in which the criticisms are given. Your Freshman cover is especially appropriate. You should have some new cuts.

The "Purple and White," Madera—Your stories are very good. The cuts you have are not very good, and you need more. Your class notes and accounts of parties are interesting. Some of your jokes are too personal.

The "Scribe," May, Oakland Poly.—Your cover design is cleverly worked out. Your cuts are very good. Another story or two would improve your paper. Your jokes are good. Why don't you make your last number extra good, and put in some pictures of graduates, staff, faculty, etc?

The "Oak," June, Berkeley—Your cover design is very neat. We think a Josh column would add greatly to the interest of your paper. Your cuts are good, and extracts from lectures are interesting and helpful. You rather slighted the exchanges you received. You deserve credit for the improvement you have made this year.

"Tiger," from Lick High—The Commencement, 1911, number of the "Tiger," published by the California School of Mechanical Arts, has just arrived. It is an excellent paper and so much above the standard that we hesitate to criticise it. From cover to cover it is a superb sheet. Your students certainly have a spirit to submit so much and such excellent material. Your art work and picture arrangement deserves special mention. Your pictures are without a blemish and the name "Tiger" runs throughout, from the tiger cover, through the tiger lilies, and even to the tiger cartoon of your joke heading. We congratulate your editor and staff, who are able to turn out such a commendable magazine. In the editorials we notice apologies for faults. Being unable to find any fallacies we withdraw with sincerest congratulations.

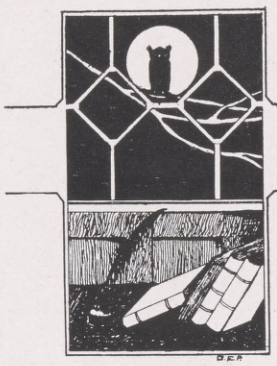
—MARTHA J. JOB.
—FRANK O'CONNELL.

Francis O'Connell, Editor

Martha Job, Assistant Editor

Reginald Harcourt, Business Mgr. Frances Huntington, Organizations

Ottilie Hoernig, Society Kenneth Slater, Athletics Delma Phelps, Artist



—EDITORIALS—

STAFF.

Editor. . . . . Francis A. O'Connell
Assistant Editor. . . . . Martha J. Job
Business Manager. . . . . Reginald Harcourt
Organizations. . . . . Frances Huntington
Society Notes. . . . . Ottilie Hoernig
Athletics. . . . . Kenneth N. Slater
Joshes. . . . . Annette Stuart
Artist. . . . . Delma Phelps
Ass't. Artists. . . . Edith Housman, Graden Poppleton, Phoebe Cook

ANOTHER year is spent and the class of Nineteen Eleven is about to leave the halls of Mountain View High. They are leaving with pleasant memories that will linger with them to the end of life's journey. They have left behind a spirit that we hope will run through all consequent years. Mountain View students have always shown a spirit of fraternalism and amiability. May it remain with them forever.

We have many things to be grateful for during the year. We heartily thank our trustees and townsmen for the new building and its equipment which they have been so kind in giving us. We can truthfully say that we have one of the best and one of the most adequately equipped school buildings in the county. We shall try to make the best of the opportunities afforded us and we shall promise that our benefactors will never have cause to regret the sacrifice they have made in our behalf.

The faculty and students regret very much the loss of their long trusted friend, Mr. J. S. Mockbee, as trustee of the High School. He has served the public as the president of the school board for twenty-three years, and we all know with what earnest-

ness and uprightness. We always trusted to his wise judgment, his never failing interest, and his ability to direct the business interests of the school in the best possible way; and it is with a very keen sense of our loss that we accept the thought of his resignation. All honor those who are faithful servants of the public, for their recompense is found only in the appreciation of those whom they serve.

Beautiful pictures have an influence by their mere presence, and the students of Mountain View High School have indeed been fortunate this year in receiving three. The "Sunset in the Royal Gorge," painted by Professor Howard Streight, and presented by him to the school is an unfailing source of pleasure. The beautiful copy of "Sir Galahad," the gift of the Class of Nineteen Ten, is a constant reminder of the knightly ideal:

> "Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King.
> Else, wherefore born?"

The picture of Mount Vernon, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Macrum is appreciated for the wealth of association connected with this historic place. To each one of the donors, the students of Mountain View High School express their deepest appreciation of the thoughtfulness that prompted the gifts.

The students wish to thank Mr. E. T. Johnson and Mr. Hartley for the gold and silver medals they have so kindly donated as prizes for the contest in vocal expression. Much of the success of the contest was due to interest awakened by these gifts.

The members of the Senior Class, especially those who took part in the farce, are greatly indebted to Miss Williston for the untiring efforts and energy she brought to bear to make that affair a success. "Oak Farm" was a great success, not only materially, but financially as well. The success which it met—with the co-operation of the students,—truly belongs to Miss Williston, and the class takes this opportunity to show their deep appreciation.

The Staff wish to thank Miss Shepard and Miss Peckham for their meritorious supervision of the art and literary work, respectively. If our paper meets with success, we hope that our readers will attribute some of the praise to those whose efforts have made it such.

To our advertisers the Student Body is particularly grateful, because, with their co-operation we are able to edit and publish our paper. Without advertisements, we are handicapped, and with their elimination our sheet could not exist. We hope that our students will keep this salient fact in mind and do their part in regard to this matter. Fellow students, when you want any certain line of goods, run through the advertising list of our paper. See our advertisers, then patronize them, because we must remember

that a worthy act should be met with due appreciation by the recipient. So, students, do not forget your advertisers, and suggest their patronage whenever the opportunity presents itself.

In conclusion, we wish to say that we are very grateful to those who contributed to the welfare of this paper. Some of our talented students failed to put enough energy into the work. We must not allow the nonchalant spirit to creep in or our paper is doomed. Our prestige rests upon our literary as well as upon our athletic ability, and the only way of giving evidence of literary talent is through our school paper. Students, work for the "Blue and Gray" as you would to gain a pennant. Let each issue be better than the last and by ever upward striving, let us gain the goal, "Perfection."

—Francis A. O'Connell.

* * *

The Staff of the "Blue and Gray" and the members of the Student Body extend their deepest sympathy to Mary Logue and her family in the late bereavement of their son and brother, Aloysius; also to Henry Anzini in the loss of his mother, and to Mr. and Mrs. Zahn upon the ocacsion of the death of Mrs. Zahn's mother.

"When All the World Is Young"

IT was a perfect night in June. The moon shed its silvery beams o'er all the quiet earth, which seemed resting peacefully after the cares and joys of another day. The air was fragrant with the perfume of roses and late lilacs. The sleepy hum of insects moving among the flowers was heard, and the frogs by the river had begun their nightly serenade. In the pale moonlight the old garden lay quiet and beautiful. There were roses, roses everywhere; the sweet, pink La France, the delicate Cherokee rambling over the old wall, and the Bridesmaid blushing faintly in the silvery moonlight. The last late clusters of lilacs were still on the bushes, as if loath to leave this world of beauty; and close to the wall, the columbine nodded their dainty heads. Here and there among the rose bushes were oleanders, full of fragrant pink blossoms, and magnolia trees with their great, waxy flowers.

There were several trees in the old yard and through the leaves of one of these the moonbeams filtered softly, revealing a young girl seated in a rocking chair near a table on which lay the book she had evidently been reading before the light of day had entirely faded. Now she reclined idly in her chair, wrapped in her own thoughts. She was a beautiful girl, just budding into womanhood, and oh, what noble womanhood it would be, for her very presence seemed to emanate the radiance and beauty of the soul within. Her face was strong, but tender and womanly. Her eyes were a deep violet blue, and her long curling lashes shaded them as she sat musing with her chin in her hand. The moonlight caressed her dusky hair, done in a low coil on her neck. The delicate color came and went in her fair face, seeming to rival the beauty of the pink roses fastened in the soft folds of her white dress.

She sat there among the other flowers, dreaming the golden dreams of girlhood, seeing visions of that sweet, vague sometime—that time when her dreams would come true. Would they ever, really and truly, she wondered? Would He come some day? He was before her now, straight and tall and broad-shouldered, with kind, boyish face and brown eyes, full of love and understanding. Happy, holy thoughts possessed her mind, and sent deep and strange emotions surging through her young heart. The greatness and sacredness of it all thrilled her. Life seemed a wonderful thing. And so she sat among the flowers, dreaming the golden dreams of girlhood.

The moon rose higher, and Lois roused herself reluctantly, thinking it time for her to go in. She walked slowly through the garden, stopping to smell a rose here, and picking a lovely bud there. As she neared the house she heard steps on the sidewalk just beyond the wall, and, looking up, she saw a tall, dark man walking leisurely along. He could be quite clearly discerned in the moonlight, and Lois had a strange feeling of having seen him before; he looked familiar, somehow. He passed out of sight and she went into the house. Thoughts of the stranger agitated her mind. Where had she seen him before? Nowhere that she could remember surely. That night she saw him in her dreams.

The next afternoon she was out in the garden with her needlework, when Chloe, the little colored maid, came out and told her that "Massa" wanted to see her in the parlor. She took up her sewing and went into the house. She heard voices and knew that her father must have a caller. Opening the door, she walked in and her feelings can better be imagined than described when her eyes beheld the stranger whom she had seen the night before. The two men rose, and her father, proudly taking her arm, said: "My daughter, this is the son of an old friend of mine, Mr. Sutherland, whom I used to know in Virginia years ago. He has come here to take a new position, and I know you will join me in extending to him the hospitality of our home." The girl gave him her hand cordially, endorsing her father's words. The stranger took her hand in a hearty clasp, warmly thanking them for their kindness. He was in the meantime congratulating himself upon his good luck in finding such friends. His father had not told him about the daughter, so it was a pleasant surprise to him. They talked awhile, the elder man asking questions about his old friends and the home he had left so long ago. Soon the caller rose to go, reluctantly, it seemed, but promising them that he would accept their kind invitation to dinner the next evening.

That dinner was the first of many which he enjoyed in their home. He was always warmly welcomed by the father. As time passed on, his step on the walk brought the color flushing into her cheeks. At dinner the three made a happy trio, and seemed quite sufficient unto themselves. The old judge told of his varied experiences. He had been in the war, a hot-headed Southerner; and since that time had practiced law, and had many peculiar cases to deal with. Sutherland related his experiences during the day, making light of the difficulties and increasing the interest of little incidents by the very manner of his telling them.

After dinner Lois and Carl Sutherland often walked in the garden, among the roses and past the mignonette bed and the fragrant heliotrope. At other times reading was the diversion.

After awhile Lois came to know why Carl had seemed so familiar to her when she first saw him. Her own heart told her that he was the one who had been in her girlhood dreams that night.

Carl himself did not know all this, but his heart had evidently told him something, too.

The moonbeams played in the garden as they had the first night, and it looked just as fair as it had then, for, though the roses had long since faded, clumps of dark green foliage had taken their place, and the mellow light of the harvest moon shone on the double yellow and rich, dark red dahlias. Along the wall rows of chrysanthemums displayed immense blossoms, yellow and red and white.

Lois and Sutherland were walking among the dahlias and along the rows of great chrysanthemums, admiring the gorgeous colors and the rare size of the flowers which had thrived under the girl's tender and persevering care. But still they could not help lamenting the fact that there were no more roses. Carl's voice soon broke the evening stillness, as he said tenderly: "I always liked roses better than all flowers, but there is only one rose left in the garden. May I not have that one?"

The eyes of the girl by his side suddenly lowered, as the realization of his meaning flashed upon her. Stooping he took her rosy face between his hands, and raised it until he could look into her blue eyes. "May I, Lois?" he asked again, passionately.

"Yes—dear," she whispered, so softly he could hardly hear it, as she hid her burning face on his shoulder. Only the moon looking silently at the world-old scene saw the rest, and it will never tell.

By the Sea

It breaks again on the lonely beach,
With a deep and thund'ring roar,
Each stately pine its vigil keeps
On the drear and wind-swept shore.
The cliffs send back the eagle's scream
While she soars in search of prey,
The sullen rocks in the sunlight gleam
As they're dipped beneath the spray.
Across the waste of waters deep,
One hears the mournful moan;
As of a dirge for the souls who sleep
Beneath the spray and foam.

—L. F. ARMSTRONG.

HISTORY

THE summer of nineteen hundred and seven witnessed the entrance as Freshmen into the Mountain View High School of the largest class that had ever before entered. The class consisted of thirty-four members in all, nearly half of the entire school. No one who has not had the experience of being a Freshman can fully realize what it meant to us. Every Freshman has vague ideas as to his own importance, and we were no exceptions.

This year was filled with the usual trials common to first year students. However, we did not accept everything in the spirit which most Freshmen do. We were true sportsmen and did not complain, but, sad to relate, we did give "tit for tat." What if our pennant was hoisted above the building only to be torn into shreds by the boys of the upper classes? Did not a Senior pennant meet the same fate at the hands of the Freshman boys? So it was with all things during that memorable year.

That was just one phase of our school life. The upper classes did not spend all their energies in plaguing and embarrassing us. There was the social side which went far towards making us contented in our new surroundings. First of all came the Reception given by the upper classes to welcome us into the school. This made us better acquainted with all our schoolmates, and helped towards eliminating some of the shyness and timidity so characteristic of first year students.

There were also the duties of our own individual class. It had to be organized and officers elected. After this was accomplished came the discussion about class colors and pins. Long will the class remember the struggle over class colors, not only in our class but with the Senior class also. The difficulty was finally settled and Green and Gold were selected. Before long we were the proud possessors of class pins.

Longfellow has said that "Time is fleeting," and we agreed with him, for the first year was nearly over. Towards the end of it our

class united with the Sophomores and Juniors in giving a farewell Reception to the Seniors. This was only one of the several occasions on which the students all gathered together at the school building for a jolly good time. To Miss Williston, our class teacher and peacemaker, we owed much of the year's pleasure. She was ever ready to aid us with a helping hand, whether in work or play and we appreciated her kindness.

In March the commercial students suffered the loss of their friend and teacher, Miss Simon. All were sorry to learn that Miss Simon was too ill to return to her classes. We regretted our loss and sincerely joined in wishing her a speedy recovery.

Thus the year passed and as the end drew near studies were the main thought of most of us. For, with the end came examinations, which meant hard work. At last June arrived; our Freshman days were numbered and then were no more.

Sophomores, yes, that was what they called us. Vacation had passed and September, nineteen naught eight brought us back again to school, and we had entered upon our second year. It was not the same class of the year before. Although we numbered twenty, there were only thirteen left of the original Freshman class. During the year four new students joined our ranks and one left for other fields.

There were some changes in the faculty as well. Two new teachers had been added to the list. Miss Lipscombe took charge of the Commercial department, and Mr. Gwartney took charge of the Science department.

Our class teacher was Miss Peckham and we were given a class room upstairs all to ourselves. We prided ourselves on being the best behaved class in school, but that was not surprising. Had we not been well trained the previous year under Miss Williston's faithful guidance, and was not Miss Peckham continuing the good work?

Among numerous other festivities, was a class picnic at Soda Rock and a Reception given by our class and the Junior class to the track boys. Both these events stand forth as the most pleasant of all the events of that year.

As Sophomores we had a quiet, though jolly life. We took a more active part in school affairs and in studies as well. Some poor unfortunates were struggling daily with Caesar, others with geometry, and a few with higher algebra. Each had his own tale of woe to tell. We discovered that high school life meant work if we were to have spare time for play. The final examinations were fast approaching and gave to the year its finishing touch.

After an unbroken silence of two months the Grammar School bell pealed forth its old familiar strains as an ever unfailing reminder that it was time to return to our duties. It was the call of the school

room bidding the students return to its friendly fold to complete their work there before entering the school of life.

Twenty-one Juniors answered the call, among them two new members. Carrie Center, a Santa Clara High School lass, and Raymond Frazer, who hailed from Maxebell, joined us.

Deep was our regret to learn that Mr. Dornberger had not returned. Mr. Dornberger had a way all his own of capturing and keeping the respect and friendship of all around him. We missed him in a great many ways. Miss Lipscombe had also left us for another had won her affection. Although she had been with us but one year, we learned to love her sweet smile and gentle manners. While mourning the loss of those who had left us, we turned to welcome into our midst Professor E. L. Zahn and Miss Shepard. Time has since proved how fortunate we were in gaining their valuable aid and instruction. "For every sorrow there is a joy" proved true in this instance.

This was our year of social triumph, one might almost say social supremacy. Many were the gatherings where mirth and jollity held sway. Early in the year the class enjoyed a candy pull all to themselves. Then we turned our attention to others and on February 14th we gave a Valentine party to the Senior class and it was one of the many times when everybody enjoyed himself to the fullest extent. Following quickly upon this, was a supper given by the entire school on February 21st.

About this time Rudolph Swall joined our class. The more the merrier, was our thought, and Rudolph has succeeded admirably in making merrier the life of his classmates. He has been the life and spirit of his class, and has filled a valuable place. What would the class be without him?

With the second semester came more social duties. So delightful were the Seniors as guests of honor that it was a pleasure to entertain them at a chicken dinner. Our only regret was that time did not permit us to honor the jolly Seniors with similar affairs. Time robbed us of the name of Juniors and we joyfully submitted to our fate.

Some are born great, others have greatness thrust upon them. The dignity of Seniors was thrust upon us. Perhaps it was our recent absence that made the school room dearer to us than ever and linked everything connected with it more closely to our lives. Seniors, fifteen, were we, and underneath the surface of outward joy were many thoughtful reflections of our new position and duties. We did not attempt to define just what these were, but each one felt the responsibility of living up to the honored name of Senior. Miss Ward was the only new teacher this year.

Before the second month was over we had settled back into our old way of studying with increased energy. The events of the

past year followed in quick succession. On October 31st, the class celebrated Hallowe'en with a party. Care and responsibility were thrown to the winds, for we had not forgotten how to have a good time.

During the third month our class gained two more members. On November 20th Bessie Gwartney was introduced to us by Professor Gwartney. She came from far-away Nebraska and we are sorry that she did not join us sooner. Bernard Mason after spending three months at San Jose High School, returned to graduate with his old classmates.

After Christmas came the long looked for pleasure of using the new addition to our high school. We had watched its progress from day to day with great interest and pride. Before it was finished plans were being made for a house-warming in honor of the event.

The second semester brought with it a change. So slowly had the change been wrought, we were surprised when we awakened to the realization that our goal was now in sight. We realized, as never before, how much it meant. Time was too short to permit of any side-steps that might mar our chance of victory. Already preparations for graduation were begun. On February 16th we followed the custom of those before us and planted a palm tree in the school yard as a farewell token of remembrance of the Senior class of 1911.

Farewell parties followed in quick succession. On April 1st the Juniors honored us with an April Fool's supper, and on April 27th Mr. Gwartney entertained the class at his home. On May 11th the under classes gave us a Farewell Reception. Three times had we helped in giving the graduating classes a Farewell Reception. Now our turn had come. No more would the old bell peal forth its call to us, no more would we walk the same path we had tread for four years, and no more would we be guided and instructed by the faithful faculty. As the parting drew near our thoughts were best expressed by Longfellow when he said:

"And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist.
A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain."

So it was with us, each in his inmost heart experienced the sadness of farewell. The end had come. Whatever our future life may be, our school life will always be a precious memory of a very happy four years.

It is now that our class motto comes home to us with full

force. In the words of Shakespeare, "There is a time in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." "On such a full sea we are now afloat, and we must take the current when it serves." Let us take the tide at full, and, remembering our motto, fight our battles to the end. May self-reliance be the shining virtue of our future life. We bid farewell to the past, and turn to face the dawn of another day.

—ELIZABETH HARCOURT.

A Bear Story

We sat around the fire on a stormy night. The rain was pounding on the roof in torrents. Grandpa began his favorite pastime of story-telling.

"When I was fourteen years old my parents lived on a large farm in the back country of Kentucky. We lived about twenty miles from Rubensville. Our supplies were brought from that place on pack mules, except when the ground was frozen; then we brought them on sleighs. Well, one time I was left at home to do the chores and watch the youngsters while my parents went for supplies. The time passed very well and it began to grow dusk, but still the folk did not arrive. The children began to grow restless and I comforted them as best I could. I felt pretty big caring for a large family of four children. The sun went down; it was dark, but still the folk did not return. I sat at the window peering out the long lane for them when, Oh, did my eyes deceive me? There was a large grizzly not more than twenty paces from the door. I rushed the children up stairs, grabbed the old muzzle-loading shotgun, rammed in a charge and in an instant was down stairs peering through the port in the kitchen. There was Mr. Bear on the steps eating vegetables that I had picked that day. I didn't stop to examine him, but put the gun to the hole and pulled the trigger. As I went sprawling backwards over a chair, I heard his fatal squeak. I grabbed a lantern and ran to the door and there lay old Bet, the largest and best pig on the farm, dead on the ground. Well, you can just imagine what my old dad said and did when he came home."

—IRA HIGGINS.

Social Splash

WELCOME, Freshmen." On September 15, 1910, the familiar cry ran through the halls of the Mountain View High School. It was the occasion of the annual reception to the Freshmen. The halls were decorated in the Freshman class colors—red and green. After a short program several games were played. Later in the evening ice cream and cake were served, of which the hungry Freshmen surely received their share.

A number of lectures have been given this year for the benefit of the Student Body. The Candy Sale, December 20th, was one of the most profitable events given. The candy was supposed to be sold for the coming Christmas, but everybody present seemed to think five days too long a time to keep it. A lecture on the "Conquest of the Arctic" by Professor Loyal Wirt, and another on the "Wonders of Greece" by Professor Loatsakos, were also given for the benefit of the Student Body. Those present at the lecture of the Arctic, say that it was very realistic, for the hall was so cold that it gave one a good idea of the Arctic.

The Glee Club has had its share in the entertainments this year. On the 20th of April, under the direction of L. D. Howland, the Club gave its yearly concert. The program was very well rendered and surely deserved a greater number in the audience.

The greatest day at our High School this year was probably the day of the formal opening of the new school on January 27th. On that day the entire building was thrown open to the citizens. Both afternoon and evening programs were given, after which the visitors could go to any part of the building which they desired to inspect. Students were present in each room to show anything that might be of interest.

The Senior farce, "Oak Farm," was given on the 25th of May. Much credit is due to Miss Williston, for it was under her direction that it was presented. The following was the cast of characters:

Silas Weatherby (owner of "Oak Farm").....Bernard Bason
Donald Weatherby (his eldest son).....Joseph Urban
Joel Weatherby (his youngest son).....Raymond Frazer
Jonathan Prune (the village Postmaster).....Frank O'Connell
Joselyn Sudge (the district school teacher).....Joseph Pasaol
Doctor Wilson Meredith (the village physician).....
Wellington Troy (a traveling salesman).....
.....Charles Moore
Mrs. Sarah Weatherby (Silas' wife).....Luro Rankin
Helen Trumbull (Silas' niece).....Frances Huntington
Cynthia Warner (friend of Weatherbys).....Ottilie Hoernig
Sally Smart (child of a neighbor's).....Joyce Colvin

The Seniors as a class have enjoyed this year immensely. The jolliest occasion of the year was the planting of the Senior palm. Before the planting they had a spread. Perhaps that has something to do with the fact that the palm has not been growing as well as it might. Never mind, Seniors. We have discovered a new shoot already.

On April 1st the Juniors gave a supper in honor of the Seniors. The Seniors did not at first know whether to accept the invitation, for it was a suspicious date. However, they did and found that the mashed potatoes had the appearance of ice cream, and that they had a salty brand of mincemeat pie.

Mr. Gwartney also gave the Seniors a party at his home, from which were all loath to go when the time came.

The lower classmen held a farewell reception on the 11th of May at the High School in honor of the Seniors.

The Juniors this year, it seems, have been too busy giving to others to have anything for themselves. The Freshmen and Sophomores, however, have had their parties and picnics, and from all reports have had a very good time.

Even though the term is drawing to a close we are all looking forward to several things. The contest in speaking was held June 7, at which a gold and silver medal were presented to the two considered worthy by the judges. The prize winners were as follows: First prize, gold medal, donated by Mr. E. T. Johnson, Ethel Emerson. Second prize, silver medal, donated by Mr. Hartley, Edith Housman.

The Seniors are looking forward with great pleasure to their entrance into the Alumni Association. This will be in the form of an outdoor fete at the home of Miss Nellie Garliepp.

—OTTILIE HOERNIG.

Senior Farce

Of the many anunal events given by the students of the Mountain View High School, the farce has been, for the last three years, one of the most popular.

Notwithstanding it is the busiest and most trying, for students and teachers, the participants in the play show their loyal colors and school spirit by coming in on the home stretch, with one strongly united effort.

The Mountain View Register-Leader says of the actors: "Bernard Mason, as the typical farmer, would have done credit to a professional troupe; Charles Moore, in the role of village physician, gave no suggestion of an amateur performer, and Joyce Colvin, as Sally Smart, was so good that the audience was as much in love with her as Raymond Frazer, the jovial and life-like farmer's son. Miss Frances Huntington, as the heroine, maintained a sweet and placid dignity that helped to explain the ardent devotion of the hero, Donald Weatherby, a part well enacted by Joseph Urban. Many voted Frank O'Connell, as the village postmaster, a star, and Joseph Pasaol, as a district school teacher, convulsed the house whenever he appeared. Miss Luro Rankin, as the old farmer's wife, was very fine, and although she made a partial success of concealing her youth, her attractiveness was always apparent. Ottilie Hoernig, as a spinster, rich and pretty, was so fascinating that it didn't seem in the least strange that all the men in the neighborhood were at her feet."

The unusually charming instrumental music of Mr. Raymond Mosher, the rare treat of the vocal duet by Misses Mabelle and Eunice Beverly, and baritone solo by Mr. Rudolph Swall were all very much appreciated.

Much of the success of the farce was due to the spirit of cooperation shown by the cast, and to the skillful supervision of Miss Williston.

Bernard Mason, President

LeRoy Morton, First Vice-President

Alfred Martel, Treasurer — Vina Goodwin, Second Vice-President

Rudolph Swall, Sergeant-at-Arms — Minnie Rowles, Secretary

ORGANIZATIONS

STUDENT BODY.

THE Student Body is the most important organization of the High School. Some people may wonder just what the term "Student Body" means. Literally, it means the entire body of students in the High School, but in this case it includes only those students who pay the required dues of fifty cents a semester. The number of students who have availed themselves of this privilege during the past year has been large. During the last semester the meetings of the Student Body, which are held the last Monday of each month, have been unusually interesting, owing to the fact that they have been held in the new assembly room.

The main purposes of the Student Body are to finance the various student activities, especially all athletics, to maintain relations with other schools, and above all, to bring all the students into closer contact with one another, and thus to develop a unity and school spirit which would otherwise be wanting. Representatives are sent by the Student Body to three athletic leagues, the Pacific Academic League, the Interurban Athletic League, and the Peninsular Sub-League of the A. A. L.

The officers for the last semester were: President, Bernard Mason; First Vice-President, LeRoy Morton; Second Vice-President, Vina Goodwin; Secretary, Minnie Rowles; Treasurer, Alfred Martel; and Sergeant-at-Arms, Rudolph Swall.

GLEE CLUB.

The Glee Club, the only musical organization of the school, began its work for the year under most favorable conditions. Mr. L. D. Howland, a Stanford Senior, was secured as instructor. Under his direction, the Glee Club made rapid progress, and gave its annual concert on April 20 to an enthusiastic, though not crowded house. The selections rendered by the Club were: "The Violet's Fate," "A Spring Song," "Tell Her I Love Her So," and "The Tale of a Bumblebee."

The officers for the last semester were: President, Frances

Huntington; Vice-President, Yeteve Hull; Secretary, Luro Rankin; Treasurer, Glenmore Poppleton; Librarian, Iva Rogers.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

This year three literary societies were organized to take the place of the former two. The third society was added to meet the needs of the increased number of students. These societies are to promote efficiency in debate, in composition, and in declamation. These societies meet every alternate Friday and since school time is allowed for these meetings, they are looked upon by all the students as most helpful adjuncts in our school life.

The Ecclesia is the society of the Senior and Junior classes. Its programs have been especially interesting and instructive, and have shown marked improvement as the year passed. The officers of the society for the last semester were: President, Kenneth Slater; Vice-President, Rudolph Swall; Secretary and Treasurer, Louise Hobart.

The Olympic is the society of the Sophomore class. The officers for the semester were: President, Marie Mercer; Vice-President, Graden Poppleton; Secretary and Treasurer, Edyth Roberts.

The Athenaeum is the society of the Freshman class. The officers for the last semester were: President, Herva Dunshee; Vice-President, Iva Rogers; Secretary, Florence Hoernig; and Treasurr, Madeline Brown.

—FRANCES HUNTINGTON.

The Dope Fiend

Avaunt! Thou Phantom of unutterable gloom
That hover'st o'er my head the while I fume,
And rage, and effervesce and rant, and tear my hair.
Ye Gods! Why am I haunted by this shadow of despair?

Begone! Thou lurid dream which fascinates my sight;
Oh, why must I behold thee day and night?
Depart! I beg, I plead, I verily implore!
But stay! 'Tis worse to be alone; begone no more.

And now that thou hast gone and left me thus alone,
My frenzied mind doth turn to seek thee yet again;
I, loathing, long for thee, who bringest but regret
And hate thee. Yet, thou bid'st me forget, forget.

—CHARLES MOORE.

Weary Willies for Two Weeks

WE, yes, I say we, for I had two companions, walked briskly up Howard street until our eyes rested on a sign upon which was printed in glaring letters, "Murray & Ready's Employment Office." We paused for a moment, hastily scanning the list of positions posted on the front of the building, and then, seeing nothing we cared for, entered.

Inside were men of every nationality. Over in the corner stood a mute band of Hindus, arrayed in their native garb. They stood there, nothing more nor less than slaves, while their boss was arranging for their transportation to some construction camp. A little way off several Italians were discussing some question with much gesticulation. Many other men were scattered around, some sitting, some standing, some talking, others silent, while on an old bench on one side two boastful Irishmen sat talking away as millionaires. Soon a sharp-faced little Jew made his way through the throng, mounting a stool in the center of the room, he began to try out in shrill tones a "lingo" something like this: Wanted, ten men to dig beets at Red Bluff; one dollar and six bits and found; one roustabout for harvest crew, one dollar and twenty-five cents and keep; twenty men to work on railroad construction gang, fare free, Medford, Oregon, two dollars per day and found, no poll tax; fifty men to ship to Klamath Falls, Oregon, for railroad construction work, two dollars and found, free fare."

The last position was just what we wanted, as we wished to go to Klamath Falls. Consequently we lost no time in getting to the office to sign up. When we put in our applications, the clerk asked us what work we wished to do. After a hasty consultation we decided to sign up as teamsters, though to tell the honest truth there was not one of us who even knew how to hitch up a horse. We paid our dollar each for the position and were given a receipt and told to report at the Ferry building the following evening.

We quickly returned to my companion's home and began preparation for our much talked of trip. Everyone we saw had a word of advice. It made us feel as though we were leaving our friends forever. We rolled up two small blankets each and placed in them a few extra socks, shoe strings, handkerchiefs, extra undergarments and so forth, just as greenhorns naturally would do. One of the boys' mothers tied up a large package of edibles that we might have something to eat on the journey, and then we were ready to start on what we thought was our grand outing. We intended

to work for about a month in Oregon, and then return to California for a prolonged hunting trip in Trinity county, for which we had already made due preparations, having all our camping outfit packed up so that it could be shipped immediately to a point designated in a letter which we were to write after our arrival. But alas! "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," but so far so good. The next evening found us waiting, with our bundles, at the Ferry. Soon others began to arrive, also accompanied by their bundles. In a few moments one of the boastful Irishmen (Irishmen seem to enjoy quite a prominent part in this narrative) entered the group. Immediately he began to talk, first on one thing and then on another. He stepped over and informed me in tones that everyone within a radius of twenty feet might hear, that in his blankets was wrapped a fortune in jewelry. This statement was greeted with the usual snickers. In a few moments an employee of "Murray & Ready's" made his appearence and began to check the baggage. When this was completed, we were taken aboard the ferry for Oakland. One of the men, a Swede, was given the ticket for the whole crowd. On the way over, I talked with several of my fellow hobos—for hobos they surely were. Some were bound for Portland, some for Medford, some for Calor, and the major portion for our own destination, Klamath Falls.

Upon our arrival in Oakland we were placed in the rear car of the "Shasta Limited." The car was just comfortably filled. After a few minutes waiting, during which everyone settled down for the night, the train pulled out. It was a jolly bunch that left Oakland that night in car number 2004 of the "Shasta Limited." The poor, ignorant specimens of manhood were just like small school children, overjoyed at a ride on a train, and the first part of the night was passed away with song and joke, the principal song being "Has Anyone Here Seen Kelly?" But one by one they dropped to sleep, as even hobos do, and all became silent.

We rushed along through the dark night, now and then stopping at some little station, and at last when dawn arrived we found ourselves at Corning, far up in the Sacramento Valley. We thundered on up the valley and at seven in the morning arrived at Redding, Shasta county. Here a great many left the train for a cup of coffee and never returned. They had ridden free as far as they wished to go, and then they departed. After leaving Redding, we began to climb up the mountains, winding in and out along the gorge cut by the Sacramento river. Each curve presented different views, each one seeming more beautiful than the last. After half a day's climbing we arrived at Dunsmuir, where the train stopped an hour for noon. Here our number was again greatly diminished, many getting off and departing for the mines thereabouts, while most of those who remained bought a few bottles

of beer and proceeded to make merry. At Dunsmuir we ate the last of our lunch, and the next meal we had in view was supper that night at the railroad camp in Klamath Falls.

We left Dunsmuir at one in the afternoon, and soon reached the celebrated summer resort, Shasta Springs, where, of course, we partook of the mineral water. About this time several of the men in the car became disorderly because of the aforementioned beer, but the arrival of a big, husky, Irish Southern Pacific policeman soon put an end to the trouble. Did I say husky? Well, he may not have been, but he had shoulders so broad that he could scarcely get through an ordinary door, and weighed, I should judge, in the neighborhood of two hundred and fifty pounds. From this little description you can readily see that he was no doll. Gentle reader, perhaps you may learn more about this gentleman later.

From Shasta Springs we crept along up the mountain to Weed, some twenty miles above. The road is so steep that it took us about two hours to make this distance. Weed is the point at which the Klamath Falls line branches out, and we changed cars here, leaving our fine, modern, all steel car for a little dumpy thing that looked more like a street car trailer than a railroad coach. Three of these cars coupled to an undersized engine constituted the train. From Weed we passed through the great lava beds of northern California. Here and there great juts of lava protruded from the ground, while all around was a great bed or layer of the same material, thrown out probably by Mt. Shasta, which still remained in clear view. Following the lava beds came the great pine forests, many of them already devastated by the axe of the lumberman. As we rattled and jerked along through these magnificent forests we often passed by small sawmills and now and then a settler's peaceful home. At the border line between California and Oregon we passed by and over many large lakes, or to be more exact, swamps, for they consisted mainly of tules. These marshes are the most famous breeding grounds of water fowl in the United States, and the birds were just in the midst of rearing their young at this time. As the train shot along the lake side many ducks and other wild fowl would rest contentedly on the water not fifty yards away. It was certainly a pretty sight to see a big hen mallard, accompanied by fourteen or fifteen downy little ducklings, paddling past.

The rest of the way we rode along the side of these lakes, and arrived at Klamath Falls at 5 p. m. As we left the train it first dawned upon me what a condition I was in. As I glanced at the sign on the depot I read, "Five hundred seventy-five miles to San Francisco." As my thoughts wandered in another direction, I figured out that I possessed just twenty cents. Well, I was in a nice fix, six hundred miles from home and twenty cents to my credit.

But what was the use of being disheartened over a little thing like that? And so with a few comforting thoughts we walked around to the other side of the depot to take a look at the surrounding country.

Here we were met by a young man who was distributing cards bearing an advertisement of a Klamath Falls rooming house. It read something like this: "Room and Bed, With Blankets, 25c; Without Blankets, 15c."

"Oh, that's just like asking you over to my house all day. only bring your dinner with you," remarked a witty Slavonian who was one of our crowd. The fellow who was giving out the cards also told us that "Erickson and Peterson," the contractors for whom we were to work, was a poor firm, and that we had better come up town and get a job tearing up car tracks or digging sewers. Sounds like a nice job for three high school pupils, doesn't it? Well, there was considerable wrangling between the man who was urging the newcomers to seek work up town, instead of going up to the railroad camp, about four miles above, and a man who was working in the interest of the contractors. To make a long story short, the majority of those who were left went up town. There were only two others, besides the three of us, of all the original carload, who arrived at the camp ready for work.

We arrived at the cook house at about six o'clock that evening and immediately after depositing our baggage in a bunk house we went in to supper. It was only because we were nearly starved that we were able to eat that meal. We were given a battered tin plate which looked as though a good washing would not hurt it, a tin cup and a knife and fork. There was a queer odor about the whole thing that did not suggest cleanliness; and then as I glanced at a bottle containing vinegar, I saw in the bottom of it five flies which looked as though they had been drowned some little time. After the usual course of meat, potatoes and bread, we were given some pudding which we had to cut into small pieces with a knife and fork before we chewed it. We certainly did practice "Fletcherism" on that pudding. As we arose from the table and left the shanty one of my companions remarked: "That supper almost made me sick." That statement just expressed my sentiments.

We now went up to the bunk house on the hillside and prepared our bed for the night. We selected a lower bunk as near the door as possible and spread out our blankets. As there was nothing to do and it was quite dark, we decided to go to bed, first carefully propping the door open so that we might have plenty of fresh air. An hour or so later the rest of the inmates of the bunk house, mostly Italians and Slavonians, came in and to our disgust the last one closed the door and latched it. It was bad enough to sleep in the same shanty with such as bunch as that, even with

the door open, but with it closed—well, that was pretty nearly all that we could stand. One fellow climbed into the bunk just above us and as he did so, scraped some of the chaff through the cracks, and it filtered down upon my face. I made the remark that I thought it must be some of those little insects around, the kind that inhabit chicken houses, whereupon one of the men replied that he wouldn't be able to sleep unless he knew there was about a thousand in his bed. These remarks called forth a general discussion of lice and one fellow suggested the following method as a very efficient one in getting rid of the pests: "Go down to the lake, take your clothes off, turn them inside out and rub thoroughly with fine salt. Then lay them down near the water, step away a short distance and when the lice go down to get a drink, grab the garments and run."

The next morning, after a peaceful sleep, despite lice and foreigners and impure air, we arose about six o'clock. When we stepped from the shack just before sunrise, we saw as pretty a sight as any one could wish to see. Below us lay the upper Klamath lake, bounded by steep hills, covered with magnificent forest. The blue water was as smooth as glass, disturbed only when a huge white pelican or swift flying duck alighted on its mirrored surface. Over at one end was the beautiful little town of Klamath Falls, while the other end of the lake disappeared through a gap in the mountains. Truly this land of lakes, hills and forests is a beautiful one. We went down to the edge of the lake and washed ourselves in the clear, cold water, and then watched the water fowl fly about, for there were many. We saw geese, ducks of many varieties, several kinds of cranes and herons, pelicans and curlew.

At half past six we went in for breakfast, this time with the other men. They were all nationalities, including a great many Indians, the lowest class in the United States. It certainly was not very appetizing, eating with these fellows, but we realized that we must have a good meal, as we had a hard day's work ahead of us. Everyone fairly scrambled to get his share to eat. At one time I had on my plate mush, bread, hot cakes, potatoes and syrup. However, we ate as much as we could and when we left the table were not hungry.

After breakfast, we went to see the boss about work. He said that they were going to move the camp soon, and as all the teamsters were wanted at the other camp, we would have to go up there on the launch. At first we were overjoyed at the thought of a twenty-mile ride up the lake on a launch, but later, when we found that we would have to walk back, we began to think differently. After thinking it over, we decided not to go and informed the foreman of our intentions, admitting that we could not do teamster's work. He decided that we could work on a construction gang

there, and at eight o'clock we went to work on a section gang under an Irish boss.

The first task that we were given was the loading of about two hundred sacks of coal onto a barge. The sacks were extremely heavy, in fact, so heavy that we could hardly lift them. In carrying them onto the barge, we had to walk on a narrow plank from the bank to the barge. Just as one of my partners and I were on the plank with an extra heavy sack we began to laugh. Now you know that when a person begins to giggle his strength quickly leaves him. Well, so it was with us, and as a consequence the two hundred-pound sack of coal tumbled into the water, and we narrowly missed going after it. I suppose the fact that we were new laborers was the only thing that kept us from being discharged immediately. However, the accident was soon forgotten and we finished the loading of the boat without mishap. At noontime we were about ready to quit; but a full meal, I didn't say how good it was, gave us renewed energy, and we went back to the work at one o'clock. The afternoon was uneventful, except that we worked mighty hard, for working on a construction gang is no child's play.

That night after supper we took a walk up the lake. It was certainly beautiful. Its smooth surface was only ruffled when a trout nimbly leaped from the still depths after an unsuspecting fly. Some of the fish were very large and even after dark we could hear the spat of their tails against the water far within the center of the lake.

The next morning we again went to work. We started to build a track onto the barge so that we could load a steam shovel on it and take it up to the other camp. The work was more difficult than ever, involving much heavy lifting. In making preparations to build the track, an amusing incident occurred—amusing to those who did not take part in it.

We were loading some rails onto the boat, and in order to make the work less difficult, we had placed two rails, running from the bank to the deck of the barge. We were to lay a rail on the two and with them as skids shove the third rail on board. In order to give the heavy rail a good shove, one man would get at each end, and run out on the board, over the water, in order to gain momentum. At last it came my turn to run out with a rail while the "Dago" ran out with the other end.

Just as the heavy piece of steel left our hands I heard a mighty splash. Looking around quickly I could see nothing but the disturbed surface of the water and the crowd of grinning foreigners. Soon, however, a derby hat popped to the surface, followed a second or two later by a half drowned Italian.

As he came to the surface, his back and arms were out of the

water, but his face was still submerged. Thinking himself still under the surface, he wildly pawed the air with his arms for several seconds until his senses returned sufficiently for him to lift his head. We all had a good side-splitting laugh, while the unfortunate one went over by the sunny side of the shed to dry his clothes, for he had no others.

Soon after another incident occurred which was not as amusing as the other. In carrying a large "Stringer" aboard the barge, it was accidentaly dropped with one of my companion's fingers under it. The result was a crushed finger and a trip to the camp to have it done up.

At noontime we quit. Yes, quit for good. We decided that we were never meant for that sort of work, and we resolved to walk home. We thought we could make it in a month by taking it in easy stages, but, alas! "Man proposes and God disposes." After dinner, we applied for our wages and were informed that we could not get them until the next morning. To pass away the time, we took a walk up the lake and incidentally killed a large rattlesnake. That night we went to bed supperless, as we could not afford to pay for another meal. The next morning after rolling up our blankets, we went went down to the office and received our wages. The book-keeper figured it out this way: Seven meals at twenty-five cents per meal, which amounted to five dollars and twenty-five cents, plus three dollars for hospital fees made a total of eight dollars and forty-five cents. Thus we received one dollar and twenty-five cents between us, or forty cents each.

We shouldered our packs and proceeded to shake the dust of "Erickson & Peterson's" camp from our shoes. At Klamath Falls we bought two loaves of bread, and as we had had nothing to eat since the noon previous, they tasted pretty good, even if they had lain on pine boards until they had absorbed the flavor of pitch. Then we set out to walk in earnest. The next station was Dorris in California, twenty-six miles away. Nearly all that day we walked along the great Klamath Lake. About four o'clock that afternoon we walked across the border line between California and Oregon. A large rock bearing the words, "Klamath County, Oregon," and "Siskiyou County, California," marked the spot. We felt better somehow, when we were once more in dear old California. About eight o'clock we reached Dorris.

Immediately we rolled into our blankets and tried to sleep. It was no use. It was too cold. After a night of agony, one of my companions had the rheumatism. The dawn broke and we found our blankets covered with a thick coating of frost. We arose and went to town in search of something to eat. Inasmuch as we had eaten nothing except two loaves of bread between the three of us for forty-two hours, and during that time had walked thirty

miles, we felt that we needed a little nourishment. Up town there was a small blue front restaurant, typical of a western town, and as soon as the proprietress opened up, we went in and had a cup of coffee and two slices of bread each. The bill was sixty cents. Then we went out, sat down on the board sidewalk and wrote a postal home. By this time we had given up our idea of walking home. It was farther than we had thought, and we resolved to ride the brake beams.

All that morning we waited for the freight to come through. At eleven o'clock we remembered that it was Sunday and that no freight train was due. A little later we heard the chime of a bell from a little white church nearby, and it awakened us to the fact that even in this apparently God-forsaken wilderness there was someone who believed in Christ.

We remained in Dorris that day, existing principally upon rolled oats. The next morning we departed on the freight train. We were allowed to ride in an empty box car on a small journey to Weed. When we pulled out of Dorris we were warned to remain very quiet when the train stopped at the various stations, as the superintendent of that division was somewhere along the line. However we were successful in running the blockade and had a very pleasant journey down through the great pine forests of Siskiyou county. When we arrived at Weed it was raining hard, and as we did not know where else to go, we took shelter in the waiting room of the depot, along with several other hobos, one of whom had on a pair of khaki trousers and no coat; a fine outfit, indeed, for such weather as we were having.

At 11 o'clock the brakeman who had put us in the box car entered and beckoned one of my companins to come out. When he came back he informed us that the brakeman had secured three tickets to Sacramento for $15, whereas the regular fare was $22.50. As one of my companions had the required sum, which he had brought from home, and thinking that he, being a railroad employe, could get them cheap, we decided to buy these, and decided to depart for Sacramento the next day at four o'clock. That night we spent in a refrigerator car. Just before we retired a fellow hobo advised one of my companions that he had better not remove his shoes, which were indeed fine strong ones, or someone would steal them. Nice place this was for three tenderfeet!

The next day with our tickets tucked carefully away in our pockets, we took a walk up the railroad track to pass the time away. We were sitting on a bank of earth near the track when the Shasta Limited whizzed by, and as the last wheel of the car passed, one of my companions tossed a small stick beneath it.

We thought no more of the incident, and about an hour later we started back for town.

As we went along we met two men who stopped and asked if we had seen anyone up the track. We replied that we had seen three boys going fishing.

"Were they near the track?" asked one of the men. We answered that they were, thinking that one of them had been run over by the train.

"Well, I'll have to arrest you boys for awhile," were the next words uttered by the constable, for such he proved to be. "They telegraphed up from Dunsmuir that you attempted to derail the train by throwing a railroad tie beneath it."

We were too dumbfounded to speak for a moment, but our senses soon returned and we told him that we were on our way to Sacramento and already had our tickets, displaying the little cards as evidence. The constable replied that he must keep us until the Southern Pacific policeman came, and that he thought we might get out in time to catch the train. All this time we had been walking toward town and were now nearly there. Presently we rounded a corner and there directly in our path was a little square building with only two windows, and over those windows were iron bars. My heart sank into my shoes. Somehow, I had hoped that we were not to be put in jail, but now my hopes fled. A few minutes later, with depressed spirits, we were sitting alone in a gloomy little cell, the walls of which were covered with the initials and sayings of those who had been there before us, and by the looks of things there had been several of them.

As we sat musing over our fate we began to wonder if the policeman who was coming was the big Irishman who was on our train when we came up. Of course we hoped it would not be, for we had no desire to be at his mercy. Soon the train rolled in and through a tiny crack we saw the Irish policeman get off and start toward the jail. We awaited our fate in silence. The policeman pulled himself up by his arms until he could see in through the window and then bellowed out: "What are you doing in there?"

"Waiting for you," we meekly replied.

"Well, I'll see you in a minute," was the reply as he strode away.

In about half an hour, he returned with the constable, who unlocked the door. Immediately we were showered with a volley of questions. These we answered as best we could. He asked us everything, from our age to the length of our fingers, or at least it seemed that way to us. After a long talk they went away, leaving us none the wiser as to our fate.

An hour later they returned with the station agent and asked for the tickets. Then it dawned upon me that something was radically wrong. After a short interval they came back, opened the

door and told me to come out. With trembling knees, I obeyed. On the outside I was introduced to a detective.

"Young man, where did you get those tickets?" asked the detective.

"We bought them from a man," I replied.

"Who was that man?" was the next question. I replied that I did not know. The questions kept coming until I found I was contradicting myself, and I out and told him the straight of the story and who the man was.

"But look here. You said you bought those tickets last night, and the stamp on the back is dated today."

However, as I had told the truth, I couldn't say anything else, and they decided that as it was quite late when the tickets were gotten, that the stamp had already been dated for the next day.

After this interview we went back inside and after giving an accurate description of the man from whom we had gotten the tickets, the policeman let loose with his Irish "lingo" and gave us a sermon that I will never forget as long as I live, although I didn't hear it all, because a mad Irishman can talk quite rapidly. When the speech was done we went in his company, for he was quite calm now, to a little restaurant nearby and had a good square meal.

After eating we boarded the train and went to Dunsmuir to have our trial. When we arrived it was quite late and we were put into the jail once more, along with a drunken man. Here we remained all night. The next morning we went back to Weed and that afternoon we were taken before the judge.

"Mr. So-and-So, you are charged with malicious mischief," said the judge very sternly. "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Well, I did it, but I didn't mean anything by it," one of my companions replied.

"I will take this case under advisement," said the judge, and we left the building and went over to the depot. Here we were left in charge of the depot agent while the detective went to arrest the brakeman. Soon we saw the two come marching back together and go to the judge's house. The brakeman was looking rather worried.

After about an hour the detective came back and let us free. I didn't "regain my freedom with a sigh," but with a whoop. My companions had just enough money left now to take us to Dunsmuir, from whence we telegraphed home for more money, and the next day, at four o'clock we left on the flyer for Sacramento. On every side we were showered with questions by the train crew, who had seen us in custody the night before.

The next morning at five o'clock, we reached Sacramento. The morning we spent strolling about the city and Capitol grounds, and in the afternoon we went out and saw Sacramento and Oakland play

baseball. That morning we had had a cup of coffee. In the evening we had another, and then departed for San Francisco on the river boat "Navajo." That night we had a good sleep next to the boiler and at 5 o'clock in the morning, we landed at the Jackson street wharf, San Francisco.

—KENNETH N. SLATER.

The Rise of the Moon

The mighty ship speeds swiftly on her way
  Into the lonely blackness of the night.
The sea, the clouds, all in the darkness lay,
  And all is utter blackness to the sight.

But see, a tiny shimmering silver line,
  As faint, as if one sunbeam of the day
Had lost its path, but still alone did shine
  Its feeble light upon the dreary way.

But broader, broader, grows that silver thread,
  A shining path o'er ocean's waves doth lie;
And higher, higher, from its cloudy bed
  The great red moon doth rise up in the sky.

Stretching away as far as eye can see,
  To where the sky and waters seem to meet;
That silver pathway sparkles on the sea,
  Moved by the ceaseless rocking of the deep.

—ALICE EASTWOOD.

Rilda Skinner Clara Hagerty Goldie Kensler
Fannie Razek Edith Hagerty, Captain Edyth Roberts, Manager

WE, the Class of Nineteen Hundred Eleven, of the Mountain View High School, City of Mountain View, County of Santa Clara, State of California, after having our brains enlarged by the knowledge of Science, Mathematics, Language, and History, being about to enter in the battle of life and realizing the dangers of the situation, and being adjudged by the faculty as sufficiently sound of mind, with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow, do hereby make and declare this our last will and voluntary testament in the manner following, to-wit:

FIRST—To the Board of Trustees we express our thanks and appreciation for their efforts to make our four years of high school life so pleasant.

SECOND—To our beloved Faculty who first induced us to enter the high school and conferred on us the title of "Seniors," we give, devise, and bequeath our loyalty and esteem. We also give them a class of Junior boys who will lend a helping hand in looking after the incorrigible Freshmen.

THIRD—To the underclassmen we leave the duty of maintaining undefiled the good name and honor of the high school, of loving their teachers and obeying the rules of the school.

FOURTH—It is our desire to give to the incoming Seniors seventeen seats in the back of the Assembly Hall. These desks bear witness to the demonstrations of our superior "thinkability."

FIFTH—To the Sophomore Class we give our new book on "Pleasant Visits to the Office." In this book there are three distinct parts by special editors. They are as follows: "Erasers, Their Use and Misuse," by Joseph Urban and Rudolph Swall; second, "Filibustering and General Roughhouse," by Raymond Frazer, chief editor and several girl assistants; third, "Consequences of Shutting Myself in the Library," by Frank O'Connell. As this book is yet too deep for Sophomores, we leave it to the care of Mr. Zahn.

SIXTH—We extend to the Freshman Class our hearty con-

gratulations on having passed through the entire year without the assistance of their mothers and nurses. We recommend to them consideration of the incoming Freshman Class.

SEVENTH—We, the Class of 1911, do hereby give and bequeath personal property as follows :

1. I, Frances Huntington, leave to the incoming Senior girls the prerogative of being "Sweet."

2. I, Bernard Mason, give my latest book on "How to Rob a Bee Hive," to my faithful follower, Kenneth Slater.

3. I, Ottilie Hoernig, wish to leave to Miss Williston, my good-natured Latin teacher, all my curls.

4. I, Bessie Harcourt, do give and bequeath phonographic records of my voice to Herva Dunshee, so that she may have more of an idea how to speak very low in reciting.

5. I, Leslie Morton, leave to the Junior boys all my last year's record in English.

6. I, Carrie Center, wish to give back to Miss Peckham all the "pearls" she "cast before swine."

7. I, Raymond Frazer, hereby bequeath my ability to laugh at the wrong time to the most enthusiastic admirer of my tactics.

8. I, Joyce Colvin, will all the chaperones I had during my school life to the Freshman girls. I myself have no use for them.

9. I, Bessie Gwartney, give a treatise on "The Remedy for Nostalgia" to anyone affected with this dreadful malady.

10. I, Joseph Urban, wish to give my track suit to Charles Darrimon.

11. I, Delma Phelps, do hereby give and bequeath all my drawing properties to the incoming drawing class. I also request that the above-mentioned properties should always be kept in the dark room.

12. I, Joseph Pasaol, give, devise and bequeath to my beloved English teacher all the memory selections I did not learn, also a library full of books on "Communistic Sociology."

13. I, Edith Housman, desire to will my shorthand note books to the high school library to be used as reference books.

14. I, Frank O'Connell, desire to give to Prescott Peacock a pair of corduroys which I have worn during my Senior year. As he has no particular use for them for years to come, I ask him to leave them to the care of Mr. Davidson.

15. I, Martha Job, give to Mr. Gwartney my new apparatus for recording a sound. This apparatus will transform into music any kind of noise.

16. I, Rudolph Swall, declare that it is my will and desire to

ieave Pierre Klein my cow-bell. It is now in the possession of Miss Peckham, and the aforesaid legatee may collect same from her.

17. I, Luro Rankin, leave to the Freshman boys this advice: To learn to use the thimble lest they should die young from needle pricks on their tender fingers.

Lastly we, the Class of 1911, do hereby declare the above grants and bequests to be our voluntary will and to be enjoyed by the aforesaid legatees during their lifetime. We nominate and appoint as executor of this, our last will and testament, our principal, Mr. E. L. Zahn. In witness thereof we, the Class of 1911, to this, our last will and testament, have hereunto set our hand and seal this 22nd day of June, in the ninth year of our high school.

Attest:

THE CLASS OF NINTEEN HUNDRED ELEVEN.

—JOSEPH M. PASOAL.

What's In a Name?

One day a beautiful White Peacock and Brown Drake were walking down the Center of a road in a little sub Urban village, hoping to find Moore to eat. When, after long wanderings they came to a house near two Barnes where they found a few Hull (s) of corn, which they Swall owed hungrily.

Now it happened, that the Butler of a very prominent Pe(a)rson by the name of Poppleton, upon coming out of the house saw the White Peacock and Brown Drake Swall owing the Hull (s) of corn. And as his master, Mr. Poppleton, was very fond of eating this variety of birds, especially Drakes, he ordered the Stuart to kill them and give them to the Cook, to be prepared and placed on their master's table. Orders were also given after the Stuart had killed and dressed the fowls, that the Cook should see that the Job be done up Brown and trust the birds to no Perrel of Byrneing.

The master, knowing that he was to have a very large and sumptuous dinner, invited the village Smith, the Weaver, the Dyer, the Shepherd and the Mason to dine with him. On the arrival of these artisans they were much surprised to see such beautiful fowls on the table, for all they had expected was the usual course of Rowles and Millet. The Shepherd, who was very inquisitive, asked on looking the birds over, "Watts that?" The host, Mr. Poppleton, only laughed and answered, "Wyman, that's a Peacock and a Drake and their both Goodwins, so let's sit down and make merry. And let's drink this toast, 'Here's to the Peacock and the Drake; they Rankin a class by themselves.'"

—BERNARD D. MASON.

The Freshmen's Shower

ALAS! alas! Why did the Freshmen have a party on the eve of Hallowe'en, when ghosts would be sure to molest them? Had they been Juniors, Seniors, or even Sophomores, they would have known better, but, being Freshmen, we all know the extent of their knowledge.

It was a cold, dark evening. The wind occasionally whistled through the trees as if to break the stillness of the night. The moon seemed to have forgotten to shine, for the darkness was intense. Oh, the foolish Freshmen! Had they known or even dreamed of what was to befall them, they would not have walked so bravely to their hostess' door, but would have turned and made a wild rush for their homes.

Eight o'clock had come and all was well, but how awfully dark it was! The little ones had started a bonfire and were playing that interesting game, "Ring Around Rosy," when Prescott, with his hair standing on end and his teeth chattering, gasped: "Look!" and turning, rushed toward the house. Blue and pink frocks dashed after them, followed by numerous "college cuts."

Three whole minutes had passed and not a word had been said, for were not these frightened Freshmen swallowing that awful something which had filled their throats? At last someone whispered, "What was it?"

"Ge-er-er, it was awful. A great big ghost and he grinned right at me. Oh! Oh!" cried Peacock.

"But where, where?" eagerly asked the crowd.

"His big head stuck out from behind that pepper tree, and—and when the light fell on his face I saw that grin," finished Prescott, shuddering from head to foot.

After becoming tired discussing the apparition, the Freshmen resumed their playing in the house. What a delightful time they were having, "pinning on the donkey's tail." It was Gene's turn and he stepped into the hall to be blindfolded. Oh, what an awful scent came from that hall, filling the room and seeming to replace the very atmosphere. The girls were about to faint when the hostess came to the rescue and opened the windows. A search was made and the offending smell was found to be issuing from a small, innocent-looking tin can containing a dark liquid, which, upon examination proved to be a chemical mixture. The ghosts had called—but where they found those chemicals is one of the mysteries never to be solved.

This was an outrage which even our noble-minded Freshmen would not stand—ghosts or no ghosts. After looking cautiously through the windows, courageous Clare White coaxed two of his companions to venture onto the porch, he following slowly. How dark it had become. The wind had ceased. How still it seemed, not a leaf rustled. Surely something would happen shortly to disturb this awful silence! The brave attempt on the part of Clare had encouraged the other boys and soon all save Prescott were engaged in the search. The only things missing were the Jack-o-lanterns which had graced the porch during the early hours of the night. Another mystery!

Clare declared that he heard noises out toward the gate. Harold Mosher volunteered to take a stroll out that way with him. They walked along briskly at first, because their classmates were watching them, but when darkness fell thicker and thicker they walked more and more cautiously. They had reached the gate and were about to return when—those wicked ghosts sprang from every tree and bush. There was a flash of light followed by a loud report! Clare tore madly toward the house, the only thing visible being his coat tails. Mosher made a close second, appearing like a streak of lightning. "I thought I was shot," shouted Mosher after coming to a sudden stop.

It was getting worse and worse. After debating some time, the boys decided to go forth in a body. Clare suggested that those ghosts or noises, or whatever they were, could no more than kill them and as he had been shot at once and had been spared, he might escape again. The girls volunteered to bring up the rear, for the courage of the boys had inspired them with class patriotism.

Slowly and cautiously they marched to the gate; the ghosts who but a few minutes before appeared in great numbers, seemed to have deserted the place. The boys struck a match, expecting to find a 44-calibre revolver or one of those noisy articles which could have made such a report, but to their surprise and disgust they found an empty bottle. How such a noise could issue from that bottle was beyond the knowledge of those Freshmen. The mysteries were getting deeper and deeper.

Instead of going to the house and enjoying the rest of the evening as wise people would have done, these Freshmen, encouraged by finding only a bottle when an apparatus of steel was expected, turned their faces toward the spot where their spirits, as well as their jackets, were soon to be dampened.

They walked slowly down the dark road. Not a sound could be heard except the chattering of many teeth as they approached a tree or bush. How they would have liked to run, or even glance behind, but doubtless if they had they would have been grabbed and seen no more. Clare whispered to them to hurry. "Hoot! Hoot!

Hoot!" answered an occupant of a nearby tree. They hurried after that awful warning was given and would likely have arrived at Mt. Hamilton by this time, had not a cloud-burst come from a hose directly above them, giving each little Freshman the finest shower he had ever experienced. Their fright had reached the limit and they fell in heaps by the road side. The continual splash from the hose soon brought them to their feet. They not only had a good supply of fresh water, but also considerable real estate. The extra weight did not interfere with their running, however, for once on their feet they tore madly home, occasionally hurried by a dismal "Hoot! Hoot! Hoot!"

—EDITH HAGERTY.

Finding the Real Billy

ROBERTA REYNOLDS walked disconsolately through the brilliant woods, idly kicking the bright-hued leaves from her path as she went. But she did not notice the beauties around her, or even the sultry, oppressive heat which for the last two days had hovered over the valley. She was thinking of Billy Saunders and the little troop she had just dismissed from their irksome tasks at the little log school house up on the hill half an hour before. A sigh escaped her lips as she though of the trouble Billy had caused her that day. Her musings were interrupted by the appearance of a small figure which seemed to have dropped from nowhere.

"Please, marm," the child said, "I just heard Billy Saunders say he was goin' t' hev some fun tomorrer an' I think he's figgerin' to do somthin' mean. I jes thought I'd tell you, so as you could watch out fer him." Then, as if repenting of what she had done, she added: "But don't you let on I told you, 'cause Billy 'ud jes' pound me if he knew I told."

"Thank you, Anne," said Roberta, as she paused to pat the little brown cheek. "You're the best friend I have." Then she added as the child started to leave her: "Don't you worry about Billy's finding out anything about your telling me."

The next morning when she arrived at the school house she found that about a dozen of her pupils had preceded her there. Billy Saunders was the center of a small group which grew very quiet as she passed. She looked around as she entered the school

room for signs of disturbance. There were none. Everything was in its place. Nine o'clock came and the pupils filed in and took their regular places. Everything went smoothly, and when recess was over, Roberta had forgotten all about little Anne's warning. Billy had been very quiet, keeping his eyes fixed on his books, now and then looking up at her expectantly. These looks somehow made Roberta feel as though something was yet to happen.

After the noon recess was over, she noticed that the children seemed restless, but Roberta laid that to the awful, stifling heat, which seemed about to smother them. Here a grimy hand went up into the air.

"What is it, William?" questioned Roberta.

"Kin I hev' a pencil?"

Robert looked around on her desk, and not finding one there, opened a drawer which was used to hold various articles of the kind.

To her surprise a loud squawk greeted her ears and an old hen fluttered out. A titter ran around the room and all eyes were turned to Billy, who was busily gazing at his speller.

"William, you may put this poor creature outside; then report to me," commanded Roberta. A look of determination had settled on her face. Instantly the giggles ceased and the children pretended to be very much engrossed in study.

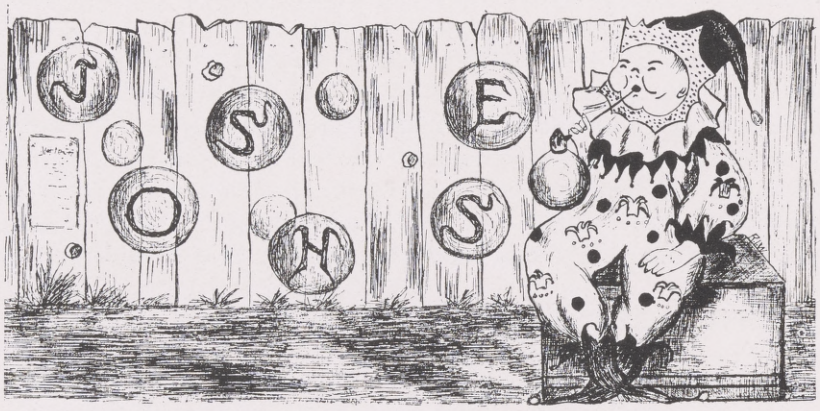
Billy had hardly disappeared when he burst into the room again shouting: "Teacher! Quick, the prairie's afire!" Wild confusion followed. Some of the smaller children began to cry, while the older ones rushed to the doors. But when they saw Billy, who was already beating the blazing grass with his coat, they followed him and soon were all feverishly fighting the fire. Roberta tore off her skirt and fell into line with them. She watched Billy, who with his face blackened by smoke and ashes was working where the flames were the fiercest.

She could hardly believe that this was the same Billy whom a few moments before she had intended to punish. The fire burned fiercely in spite of the efforts of the little band who were endeavoring so desperately to quench it. But finally it was smothered and only the smoldering embers were left.

Returning to the school room the grimy little band emptied the water buckets of their few remaining drops. Roberta announced that school was dismissed for the day and in a few moments they were ready to return home. Before he left, Roberta approached Billy and said: "Billy, you're the best fire fighter I've seen. You certainly saved the school house today. I'm proud of you."

On the way home she said to herself: "At last I have found the **real** Billy."

—LEONA ARMSTRONG.



I am here once again
At the end of the year,
Your gay, jolly old Josh
Whom you always hold dear.
You may say if you will
That I'm foolish and stale
But you'll hunt my lines first,
To be read without fail.
So I know I am a favorite,
Whatever you say,
And my wish is that your life
May ever be gay,
Just as mine at all times
Without ever a sting.
Take these jokes for mere fun,
Let it be what they bring.
If they seem to intend
To hurt even in part,
Just shoulder your burden,
Don't take them to heart.

—ANNETTE STUART.

The Spanish Marriage.

(Historical knowledge perverted to suit the merry mind of a Junior.)

Queen Elizabeth wished to make a match between her daughter, Mary, Queen of Scots, and the Prime Minister of Bouvines. The Duke of Gloucester opposed the marriage on the grounds that it would destroy the English wool trade with the natives of the South Sea Islands. The Pope later settled the question by declaring all Roanoke Island under an interdict and expelling the Indians from Alaska.

The Eastern Association.

The Eastern Association was a company formed by Cromwell for the importation of Eastern Oysters from the Isle of Wight.

Caesar had one champagne first.

The Puritans did not believe in wearing any surplus.

Prof. G.—Up in Dutch Harbor the days were so long I read till 10:30 p. m., and could have begun at 3:00 a. m.

E. H.—That would be a fine place to study English.

Miss S. W. (In English III.)—What words apply best to Macaulay's style of writing?

Class—Clearness.

Miss S. W.—Next to clearness?

Class—Force.

Miss S. W.—Next to force?

Bill—Grape-Nuts.

Miss P.—Bath is a famous watering place in England.

Rudolph—Yes, it usually is a watering place.

Miss P.—Now to get to work, Kenneth. You know who finds work for idle hands to do.

Kenneth—Yes, the English teacher.

A poetical contribution worthy of the place of honor in the World's Best Literature. (With apologies to Robert Burns.)

My heart's in the barnyard, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the barnyard a-chasing the cow.
Chasing the cow, and following her trail,
My heart's in the barnyard wherever I go.
Farewell to the barnyard, farewell to the cow,
Her birthplace of valor, her home place of love;
Wherever I'm walking, wherever I rove.
I see the cow of the barnyard, the cow that I love.

The Civics lesson was on the Judiciary, and the different kinds of courts were being discussed.

Miss P.—How many kinds of courts are there around here?

Ray F.—Three. Tennis court, basketball court and Harcourt.

Miss P.—I saw in the newspaper that the Danby Hat case was up before the Superior Court again.

Joe U.—Well, I've heard of suit cases, but I never heard of a hat-case before.

They were reading about the rates of duty on various articles, when the question was asked: "Why is there such a high rate on wool?"

Joe U.—To protect the sheep.

Student (reading in English IV.)—Bind with thine hair the eyes of Day.

Joe U.—Must have slept in a switch.

Miss P. (in History II.)—They are looking for a husband for the Kaiser's daughter.

Graden P. (holding up his hand)—Candidate!

Lorna D. (in English III)—Oh, if this be a dream, let me sleep on and do not wake me yet.

Song of the Stude—"Slide, slide, keep on a-sliding!"

It chanced to be the washing day,
And it was bright and fine;
The gentle breeze in passing,
Tossed the white clothes on the line.

"Just one thing more," the mistress thought,
As she mounted up the stair;
There on her dressing table lay
A mighty mass of hair.

She took her pet rats in her arms,
And went down with a sigh,
Then gently washed and hung them
Out on the line to dry.

LeRoy passed a sheet of blank paper across to his neighbor and said: "A little blank verse I have just composed."

Miss P.—There is something else blank around here besides verse.

Another Anachronism Discovered in Julius Caesar.

Julius Caesar was a wise old Geezer.
He froze his feet in an ice cream freezer.

Mr. Howland (in Glee Club)—I forgot to hold "her." Next time I'll do it.

Ray M.—Not here, please!

Miss P. (in Civics)—We are not turning the work off as we should.

Joe U.—Oh, we're turning it off, all right.

Rudolph—Well, why don't you turn it on?

Prof. G.—What is the first thing necessary in the bisecting of an angle?

Mary—An angle.

Marie (to LeRoy, who has just received his trophy)—That looks like a loving mug.

LeRoy—Do you mean mine?

The Contest

Out on the platform so spacious and fine,
The speakers, dressed in their little white pleats,
Girls, mostly there, except poor Pierre Klein,
Who, among these maids, appeared charmingly sweet.

The doings was started by a cute little piece,
Given by one whom Joyce claims as a niece.
The tale, though pathetic, was surely sublime,
The rhythm was such as one keeping time.

On and on rolled the merry din,
Stories of battle, through the thick and the thin;
Stories of buggy rides, with the prettiest girl,
That would put a bachelor's heart in a whirl.

The program was varied occasionally,
When a song we would sing, very gleefully;
The professor before us, on the platform stood,
And beat the time, as anyone would.

Another piece of considerable note
Came from a cute little Freshman's throat.
She stood at an angle before the crowd,
And spoke her rhyme most fearfully loud.

It seemed to me like the climax came
When Pierre made the others all seem tame
By reciting that wonderful piece that tells
Of the ringing and chiming of "The Bells! The Bells!"

—RAYMOND MOSHER.

First Cannibal—How did the chief get that attack of hay fever?
Second Cannibal—He ate a grass widow.—Ex.

Miss P.—In what place is gold produced in large quantities?
Rudolph—In mines.

Professor—Have you proved that proposition?
Student—Well, prove is a pretty strong word, but I can say I have rendered it highly impossible.—Ex.

Miss P. (to Raymond and Joyce, who were talking)—Now I'd be perfectly willing to offer my services as chaperon to you two some other time, but not here.
Joyce (decidedly)—I don't believe in chaperones.

The Shades Go Prune Picking

IT was a warm day in early August. The morning sun shone down from the deep blue sky upon the dusty green of the Santa Clara Valley. The only sign of life was a group rapidly approaching down the long road which led away to the purple hills in the distance. Had anyone been on the road and had seen them, he would have thought it was a masquerade party or a crowd of actors out for an airing. The one thing about them familiar to an inhabitant of the valley was the tin pail that each one carried. As to their appearance, never was a sight so strange, and I wager there never will be again. Two gentlemen walking in front wore high starched collars, beside which the most extravagant of present day neckwear fades into insignificance. They wore close-fitting coats and knee breeches. One gentleman had a short gown and doublet thrown over his shoulders. Some wore long robes and others soldiers' apparel.

"What means this strange array?
But list, for thereby hangs a tale."

Down to the gloomy Isles of Hades came a newly elected shade from that lately discovered continent, America. He had come from the Golden State, aye, even from its most favored spot, the Santa Clara Valley, the home of the world's best prunes. For twenty-three long summers he had picked prunes without once breaking his back or becoming curved like a barrel hoop. As a final act of this remarkable life, he had rescued a horse from the mud on the county road, but in doing so, had been drowned. As a reward, he had been placed with the elect in Hades, where he immediately filled them with envy by the tales of his exploits. Shades of the Trojan war! but what frightful prevarications he did concoct about how a man could make a living from a prune ranch by putting the big prunes on the top of the box and fooling the people of the East.

Then uprose Plato. "By the shades of my forefathers," he cried, "who will follow me to the upper world to seek his fortune in picking Santa Clara prunes?" Then arose a goodly company and followed him. Meanwhile the valiant American hid himself in the depths of the "Inferno."

Thus we see them this summer morning. Socrates, Plato and Aristotle were engaged in a discussion upon the relative merits of Greece and the Santa Clara Valley, when Shakespeare exclaimed: "By my troth, here is the place for which we are in search." At the side of the road was a sign, "Prune Pickers Wanted." In they filed.

At the rear of the house they were met by many curious stares, but as prunes were plentiful and pickers few, they were engaged.

" 'Tis not befitting my dignity that I kneel," Caesar exclaimed. "Get to work out there or you're fired," shouted a voice, and despite their dignity, they fell to work. Suddenly Euclid ceased picking.

"If my row of trees is parallel to Dante's, and Demosthenes' is a transversal to it, how many prunes—?" but here he was rudely interrupted by, "Want your walking ticket, my man?"

"Sir, I am Euclid," he exclaimed.

"Oh, some new kind of a Burbank tree, no doubt. Well, he looks harmless, but we'll put him out after awhile," and the man walked off. As a rule, they worked faithfully and by noon Alexander The Great had earned ninety cents at six cents a box, while Pompey had earned eighty-four cents.

"We are a little tired now," said Socrates, "but think what we can earn in a day or two. We shall soon be in a position to purchase the Standard Oil Company from Rockefeller."

When the noon hour was over they looked longingly at the soft tree trunks against which they had been resting, but no one complained, though Napoleon said he should prefer to boss the job. All the afternoon they toiled in the heat of the burning sun. Shakespeare's beautiful starched ruffles wilted like a man who had been caught offering a Southern Pacific conductor pennies to pay his fare. Virgil had a woe-begone look, and Caesar thought longingly of the days when all he had to do was to conquer Gaul and keep Pompey at bay. The party which went to camp on the Adobe creek had lost the joviality of the morning.

All night Cicero picked prunes only to find that he had put them into a pail without a bottom.

When Napoleon arose to get breakfast he felt as if he had been used as a battering ram all night long. Homer had a desire to sit down all day and write a poem on the beauty of the hills. Finally, however, they all reached the prune orchard.

How far away the ground looked, and their knees worked about as easily as hinges which had been left in the rain for a year. During the morning Demosthenes made frequent trips to the water barrel, and Plato discovered that the sky looked very beautiful when you were lying on the ground looking up at it through a network of trees.

By noon they had decided that the thing they most earnestly desired was the rest cure. The noon hour had become two hours long before they dragged themselves back to work. Had Dante been well versed in American slang, he would have exclaimed, "Me for the 'Inferno.' " but as his vocabulary was limited he could only sigh and say, "Far preferable is the underworld."

At about five o'clock Napoleon thought that he "had met his

Waterloo" and that he was ready to beat a hasty retreat. Cicero was certain that he was needed to shovel coal in the underworld, and Virgil decided that it was his duty to accompany him.

At six o'clock they heard with great joy that their services were no longer needed, for a crowd of Japanese were coming the next day.

As Caesar passed through the gateway he sighed: "'Tis one thing to have conquered Gaul, and another to have picked prunes in the Santa Clara Valley." —DELMA PHELPS.

Bargain Brigade

Half an inch, half an inch,
  Half an inch onward.
Into the bargain rush,
  Shoved the nine hundred.
"Punch up the Willow Plume—"
"Say, can't you make more room?"
"We want to get inside,"
  Cried the nine hundred.

The cent the most they paid,
Was there a one dismayed?
Not though they saw and knew
  Several had fainted.
Theirs not to stop the quest—
Theirs not to mind arrest—
Theirs but to hunt with zest,
  Bargains, fright painted.

Hatpins to the right of them—
Hatpins to the left of them—
Stiff quills to the front of them,
  Jabbed, poked and mangled.
Yelled at by mad police,
Still, do you think they'd cease?
Not, though torn piece by piece,
  Bruised, maimed and strangled.

Oh, wondrous bargain raid!
Oh, the wild dash they made!
  For pans and glory.
'Ray for the fight they made!
Five and ten-cent brigade!
  Victors, though gory. —Minneapolis Tribune.

"This is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past,
The forms that once have been."

A year ago, June 16, 1910, a band of the faithful met and organized the Alumni Association of the Mountain View High School. Officers were elected as follows:

President—Mr. Wm. Garliepp, '08.

First Vice-President—Miss Alice Whittemore, '05.

Second Vice President—Miss Henrietta Bar, '08.

Secretary—Miss Nellie Garliepp, '09.

Treasurer—Mr. Wm. Goodwin, '08.

On the evening of June 18th the annual party was held, where a merry company assembled and had the best time ever, because it was just we folk who had been tried out so often together, and had learned to enjoy each other so much.

This year we are planning for a banquet under the oaks at the President's home, and look forward to a joyous reunion.

1904—Mr. Edward Green was graduated from the San Jose Normal in the March, '11, class. We extend our congratulations and good wishes.

The following graduates from the Mountain View High School are numbered among the pedagogues:

1905—Miss Alice Whittemore, Mountain View Grammar School.

1907—Mr. Chas. Atkins. Miss Mae Cushing, Isleton Grammar School.

1908—Mr. Claude Shull, School of Commerce, Walla Walla, Washington.

The San Jose Normal will graduate on June 22, 1911:

1909—Miss Rose Baker. Miss Mary Eastwood. Miss Jennie Cushing.

Among the undergraduates of the San Jose Normal are:

1909—Miss Agnes Urban.

1910—Miss Electa Birkett. Miss Irene Weber. Miss Pearl True. Miss Ethel Phelps.

Of the graduates from Stanford:

1906—Mr. John Bubb is a superintendent in the employ of the Standard Oil Company of Bakersfield. Miss Rose Sturla is teaching in Shasta County.

The undergraduates at Stanford are:

1908—Mr. Wm. Goodwin.

1909—Miss Miriam Burton.

1910—Miss Natalie Macrum. Miss Helen Evans. Mr. Victor Smith.

The married folk are:

1906—Mrs. Edna Higgins Addatto, San Jose.

1906—Mrs. Ruby Truschenck Barry, Sunnyvale.

1908—Mrs. Alice Hill Newnan, Mountain View.

1909—Mrs. Ysabel Morton Dickson, Mountain View.

1910—Mrs. Catherine Day Hustler, Sunnyvale.

Engaged:

1908—Miss Alice Chapman.

The business men have among their number:

1906—Mr. Louis Wagner, druggist, Mountain View. Mr. Willard Ayer, with the United Gas and Electric Company of San Francisco, (address 1001 Golden Gate Ave., S. F.).

1908—Mr. Max Ish, with the southern Pacific Company on the Sacramento River (Pacific Street Wharf, c/o S. P. Co., S. F.). Mr. Wm. Garliepp, clerk of the Golden Eagle Hotel, Sacramento.

1909—Mr. Roy Frick, with the John Mockbee Plumbling Company, Mountain View. Mr. John Sinz, in business in San Francisco (481 Dubose Ave., S. F.).

1910—Mr. Frank Herbert, student of the University of California, holds a responsible position for the summer in the Forestry Service (Isabella, Kern Co., Cal., c/o Forest Service). Mr. Roscoe Duernberger plans entering Stanford in September. Mr. Dan Ames holds a responsible and lucrative position with the Union Oil Company at Port San Luis, San Luis Obispo Co. Mr. Ewart Brightman has enjoyed a prosperous year in

Portland, Oregon, being at present in the employ of the Aluminum Mining Company.

Those to be found at home in Mountain View are:

1908—Miss Henrietta Bar.

1909—Miss Nellie Garliepp.

1910—Miss Eva Newnan. Miss Helen Drake. Miss Fanny Distel.

Items of interest:

1908—Miss Adeline Chapman is within a year of graduation from the Meyers "Arts and Crafts" School in Berkeley. (Address, Corner 9th and San Salvador Sts., San Jose). Miss Barbara Knox sailed for Europe June 3rd, in company with her parents, intending to visit Ireland, Scotland, Scandanavia, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Netherlands and Italy, going to France and England last. Her address is 7106 Piney Branch Road, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

1909—Mr. Albert Dickson has done some excellent work during the past year in the Loma Linda Medical College in Southern California.

Pussie's Nocturnal Inspiration

Oh Cat, that liest sleeping on the rug,
And dreamest dreams of endless sleep to come,
Dost thou not know that time is going some?
And days shall cease when thou shall dream so long?

Knowest thou, thy days of peace on earth shall end,
That all there is of you will soon be—not;
And thou shalt, as thy Tom-cat fathers, rot?
Behold, Oh Cat, where to thy path doth 'tend!

Sir Thomas Cat, awake thee! Get thee hence!
Since all there is of you, you'll leave on earth,
Get out and wail and miaou for all you're worth!
Howl while you may upon the back yard fence.

—CHARLES MOORE.

One Rainy Afternoon

ALL day it had been raining very hard, and the two brothers, Jack and Jim, had sat in the little attic trying hard to amuse themselves.

Ever since their guardian's death, the two boys had lived in the attic of a very small house, which was owned by an old lady. She was kind to them, and they had her sympathy, for who would not feel sorry for two sixteen-year-old lads, alone in the world?

Jack sat dolefully looking out of the window. A happy thought flashed through his mind and he turned around.

"Oh, Jim," he said. "Our year is up today. Let's run down to Mrs. Winters for the key."

With one bound the two boys were on their way to Mrs. Winters.

This lady had promised the boys' guardian that she would not give them the key to the Curiosity Box, as they called the old trunk which contained all their worldly possessions.

The man who had been their guardian for ten years had very queer notions. He never let the boys look into this old trunk and so their curiosity was aroused.

"Oh, Mrs. Winters, our year is up!" exclaimed Jim. "We've come for the key! May we have it?" they both said at once.

A sweet smile crossed the wrinkled face of kind Mrs. Winters, as she took from behind the tall clock in the hall a tiny silver key and handed it to the boys. They took the key and ran home quickly to open the old trunk in the garret.

Not many minutes passed before the boys looked at the trunk in amazement. From the very top they lifted out what they were positive belonged to their mother, a veil of purest white, attached to a white silk dress. All amazed them. They could not understand it. All its contents, pictures, letters, newspapers, and like articles, were taken from the bottom of the trunk.

They examined carefully every article the box contained and then read through all the letters. For the most part the letters told about a house on Olive street, which the boys' grandfather had owned. It was a house that had seen better days, but was deserted now.

It seemed that the old man, who was supposed to be very

rich, had an idea that some of his relatives wanted to take the money from him.

The grandfather died and Jack and Jim were left orphans at the age of three years. In life their grandfather thought very much of them, and said that they only, would be his heirs, but fate seemed adverse.

In the papers which lay at the bottom of the trunk, the boys read parts that had been marked off with a blue pencil. It told all about the house, and how the old man must have been robbed before his death.

After the trunk was emptied the two boys carried it and set it in a corner. As they walked across the floor, a couple of papers dropped out. They examined all sides very closely to try and find out where these had come from, and saw that the burlap, which covered the interior of the trunk, was getting worn, and gave way very easily.

Beneath the burlap was straw, which the boys removed. Then burnt in the wooden cover, they read the name, Geo. L. Marsh, which they recognized as their grandfather's.

Then they proceeded to take the burlap and the straw from the bottom, then from one side, but nothing more seemed to be discovered. When the burlap was removed from the last side, from amongst the straw something white appeared, which they soon discovered was a letter. It was addressed to a lawyer, whom Jack and Jim found out later was Mr. Marsh's attorney, who had served him during his later life.

After explaining everything to Mrs. Winters they asked her consent to call upon Mr. Taylor, their lawyer. Her permission was easily obtained and the two boys started out for the lawyer's office on Main street. It happened that Mr. Taylor and Mr. Marsh had been very fast friends. Soon the boys had reached the office, and after making themselves known, they proceeded to tell their reason for being there. The lawyer was a very kind old man and listened with interest to their story.

He took the letter, opened it, and when he finished it he was a very much surprised man. He told them the main contents of the letter. Mr. Marsh, just before he died, wrote this letter to him. Not wishing to use it at once, he had hidden it in the old trunk. In it he asked Mr. Taylor to be the boys' guardian, and he explained that if he scraped the mortar away from the fifth brick in the last row on the floor of the fire place, he would find a large hole and far back in would discover all Mr. Marsh's papers, and also his money, evenly divided in two separate boxes, one for each boy. The names, James Wood and Jack Marsh, were painted on the cover of the box to whom it belonged.

These two boys were his only heirs and he asked Mr. Taylor to see that the will was settled all right.

After the three of them had gotten over their surprise, they walked over to Olive street. It was deserted and no one was in sight but a few passersby. Mr. Taylor had kept the key in his possession since the death of the boys' guardian.

They walked through the house, each one very excited, when Mr. Taylor opened a squeaky door, and when they found themselves in a large room facing a once beautiful garden in the front of the house. This was once Mr. Marsh's bedroom. They walked straight to the fireplace. Mr. Taylor got the tools necessary to get the bricks out of place.

Before long the brick was removed, and sure enough, everything was as Mr. Marsh had written in the letter.

* * * * * *

Six months have passed, Mrs. Winters is spending her last days in Mr. Taylor's beautiful home, taking a long rest after her years of toil. The two boys are in a fine school getting an excellent education, and everything goes along smoothly, even on the rainiest afternoons.

—MARY PETZINGER.

A Senior strolling thro' the hall,
Upon a Freshman chanced to fall.
He had no thought of "pardon me!"
Just jumped up and brushed his knee.
The Freshman took it as a slam,
Most mashed the Senior into jam.
The Senior said, "Insignificant thing!"
And gave the Freshie a great big bing!

—LOLA BROWN.

ATHLETICS

The school year of 1910-11 has come and gone. As usual the school has upheld its reputation not only for good athletic teams, but clean sportsmanship as well. In all contests entered into by this school, irrespective of whether we won or lost, it cannot be said that we were not clean sportsmen.

Although we are considerably handicapped by a lack of facilities, the boys have gone ahead and did the best they could under the prevailing conditions. A crying need of the school is a baseball diamond. Baseball is the national game and it is becoming more and more popular each year. So far as baseball is concerned, this school might as well not be in existence. Not that we haven't the material, but we haven't the grounds, and without grounds we cannot play baseball.

FOOTBALL.

More interest was taken in football this year than for several years previous. The boys got together and fixed up a field on which we played several games. As usual, we were handicapped by lack of material. Only about seven or eight turned out each night for practice, and these only because of the untiring efforts of Captain Morton. Under these conditions the team did as well or better than was expected, and although we did win many games it was not the fault of the boys that played. We have been playing Rugby for three years and have never had a coach. Rugby is a game which demands head-work—knowledge of the game more than brawn.

TENNIS.

Great interest has been manifested in tennis this year, but the participants for the most part are beginners, and as tennis is a game which requires great skill and much practice, very little headway has been made. Several of the boys and girls, however, give promise of future greatness and in the years to come Mountain View High School should be able to hold up her end in tennis more successfully than in former years.

An I. A. U. schedule in tennis was made out, but for some reason or other the games were not played.

BASEBALL.

In the early spring baseball was taken up. For awhile considerable enthusiasm was shown, but this gradually died out, as the season was not particularly successful. However, as I said before, baseball cannot be played unless there is a place to practice, and as the place on which we practiced was almost worse than nothing, no better results could have been expected. Credit is due to Captain Swall for his efforts on the baseball squad.

BASKETBALL.

The Girls' Basketball team has succeeded in winning the championship of the I. A. U. League this year and has also been victorious in a number of games in the Sub-League of the A. A. L.

The first league game was with the Campbell Union High School team. The game was an interesting one, the teams being well matched. It ended with a victory for our girls, the score being 21 to 20.

The team then played the "Wild Cats" of Los Gatos High, gaining an easy victory. The score was 12 to 8.

During the rainy season the girls were forced to play two games on indoor courts. Not being used to this, they were defeated by San Jose High, the game ending 33 to 11 in their favor, then by the University of the Pacific. The score was 26 to 10.

The next game was with the Sequoia Union High School team. They were defeated by a score of 30 to 0.

The last game was at San Mateo. Here our girls did some excellent playing and returned home victorious with a score of 41 to 1.

There is just one more game to be played this year. Here's hoping that it will be another victory!

The following is the schedule, including practice games:

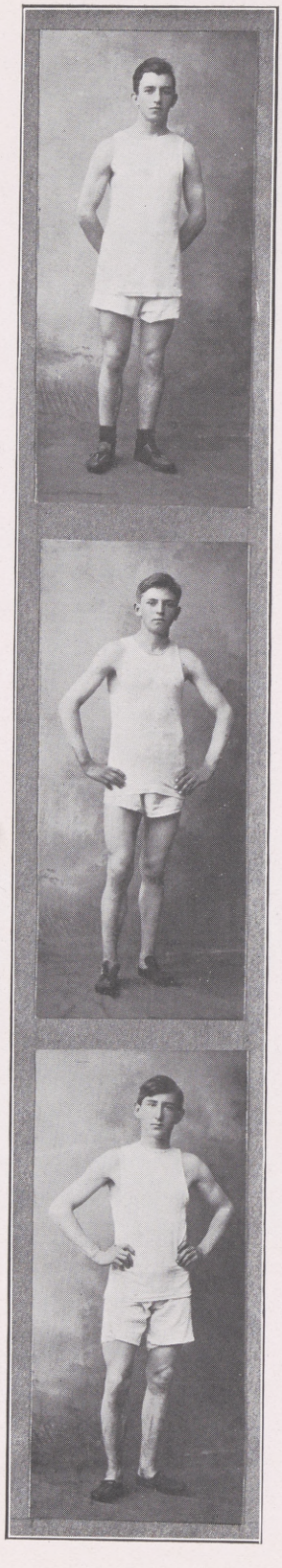
M. V. H. S. 29, vs. S. U. H. S. 7.
M. V. H. S. 19, vs. S. U. H. S. 11.
M. V. H. S. 21, vs. C. U. H. S. 20.
M. V. H. S. 28, vs. '09 Champions 38.
M. V. H. S. 6, vs. S. J. N. 30.
M. V. H. S. 11, vs. S. J. H. S. 33.
M. V. H. S. 10, vs. U. of P. 26.
M. V. H. S. 12, vs. L. G. H. S. 8.
M. V. H. S. 30, vs. S. U. H. S. 0.
M. V. H. S. 41, vs. S. M. H. S. 1.
M. V. H. S. ?, vs. C. U. H. S. ?.

TRACK.

Once more track has been our chief source of glory. Mountain View High School always has been strong in track, and this year was no exception. This year's team was probably the strongest that ever represented the school.

There are two athletes who deserve special mention. They are LeRoy Morton and Joseph Urban. Morton entered this year's P. A. A. Cross Country Run, and was not counted upon as a winner. He was given three minutes handicap while others were given a much larger one. Morton gradually pulled up until he caught the leaders and was an easy winner. To reward him for his good work Leroy was given a handsome cup, which was the first ever won by a Mountain View High School athlete.

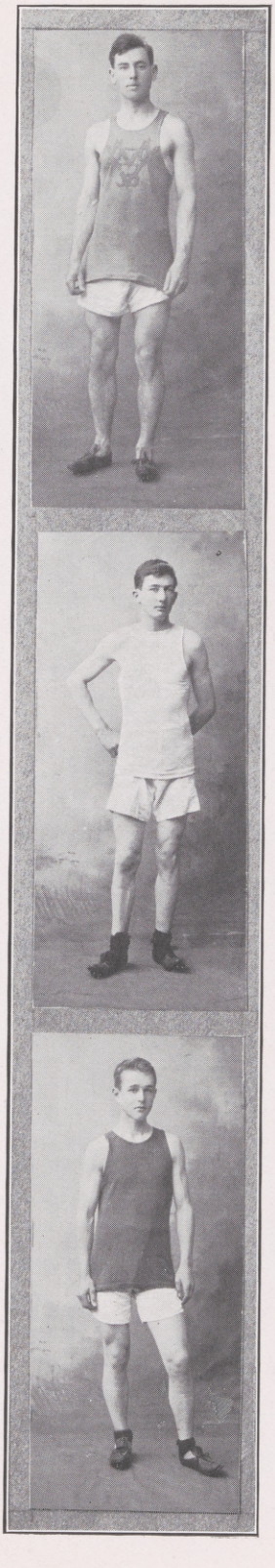
Joseph Urban entered the Stanford Interscholastic and the University of California Interscholastic and in the former secured third and in the latter second place in the low hurdles, receiving a medal in each instance. Joseph was also conspicuous in the A. A. L., where he and his brother William secured first and third places respectively in the low hurdles, and in the I. A. U., where he won four first places. Joseph has now quite a few medals on his watch fob.



Although these two boys were the stars of the team, there were others who deserve mention for their hard and consistent work. The first event of the track season was a dual meet with Palo Alto High School on the Stanford track. Our defeat can be justified by the fact that Palo Alto had the best track team in the state. In this meet we secured first and second in the hundred, second in the quarter-mile, first in the half and mile, and first and third in the two-mile. In the low hurdles we won first, and second place in the high hurdles. In the field events we were weak, securing only a second place in the pole vault, third in the broad jump and third in the hammer throw. The performance of Loucks, who won the half-mile and secured third in the two-mile, is worthy of special mention.

On April 15 the annual meet of the Interurban Athletic Union was held on the University of the Pacific oval. Mountain View was again an easy winner, as in previous years. The performances were very good and several I. A. U. records were broken. Joseph Urban, as usual, was the star performer of the day, winning the fifty and hundred-yard dashes, low hurdles and broad jump. This is the second time that Joe has made the greatest number of points of any athlete in the I. A. U.

Walter Swall made a new record in the high jump when he cleared the bar at five feet four and one-eighths inches. Joseph Urban made a new record in the broad jump with a leap of twenty feet eight inches, while the relay team, consisting of L. Morton, W. Urban, J. Urban and G. Poppleton, lowered the record of



the half-mile relay record to 1:41. The final score read: Mountain View, 90 1-2; Campbell, 24; Los Gatos, 19, and Morgan Hill, 10.

The following list shows the places secured by the Mountain View athletes:

50-yd. dash—J. Urban 1st, W. Urban 2nd, L. Morton 3rd.

100-yd. Dash—J. Urban 1st, L. Morton 2nd, W. Urban 3rd.

220-yd. Dash—L. Morton 1st, G. Poppleton 3rd.

440-yd. Dash—A. Martel 2nd, R. Dunshee 3rd.

880-yd. Dash—E. Loucks 1st.

Mile Run—E. Loucks 1st.

2-Mile Run—J. Dermody 1st.

Low Hurdles—J. Urban 1st, B. Mason 3rd.

High Jump—W. Swall 1st, E. Loucks tied for 3rd.

Broad Jump—J. Urban 1st, W. Urban 2nd, L. Morton 3rd.

Pole Vault—B. Mason and R. Dunshee tied for 1st, W. Swall 3rd.

Shot Put—L. Morton 1st, W. Swall 3rd.

Relay—Won by Mountain View.

Mountain View High School will lose the services this year of two of the best athletes who ever attended the school, as both Joseph Urban and Leslie Morton are members of the Class of 1911. Both these boys have attended the school for the past four years, and have always been foremost in athletics of all kinds. In the graduation of these boys the school will experience a great loss, but our loss will be someone's gain, for they will be heard from in the future.

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Again we are asked to advertise in BLUE AND GRAY. A year has passed since we last had that pleasure, and a little more than a year since we first came strangers among you. A year of hard work, devoted to our customers and providing for their wants in our line. How successful we have been they best know. Wherein we have failed we assure you it was unintentional. If we made no mistakes we would not be human, but we always like to know it when we do and are the readiest you ever knew to make correction, and are always very willing to be forgiven. We are profoundly thankful for a very generous patronage and hope with better acquaintance, increased experience, added facilities, and a greater and more diversified stock, to improve our service the coming year.

So much for our Ad. Now a word, if you please, to the High School Fraternity.

Meeting you on your way to and from school reminds the writer of half a century and more ago, when he waded through snow two miles to school. Your splendid school privileges—commodious buildings, thoroughly equipped, a corps of efficient teachers, and in such a climate, mark a wide contrast to my school days. We had no school in summer, then we worked the farm. There were no public schools, no regular teachers. If a teacher came along in winter looking for a job, and the neighborhood felt able to employ him, we had three months' school. The teacher, generally itinerant, passed around a subscription paper--parents signing one or more scholars each, according to their ability to pay, more than the number of children in the family of school age (meaning too young to work). The father of a dozen children was more likely to subscribe "half a scholar" and then split that up among the family, than to subscribe for all for the full term. The location of the school depended upon the decision of the subscribers and was often held in a private home. One term it was in our dining room, next it was two miles away. Morning and evening my brothers and I fed the cattle, horses, sheep, hogs and chickens, cleaned the stables, milked the cows, cut the wood and carried it in, threshed the grain for the stock, and performed other necessary "chores" about the farm, and at night studied our lessons for recitation at school next day, and if not properly recited we stood in the corner or some other penalty was imposed. But now this is all changed. And with all the changes—the wonderfully improved facilities for education, comfortable, commodious school houses everywhere, high schools, universities and colleges, munificiently endowed and equipped, free to all, the wonder is that everyone is not highly educated. The answer is in neglected opportunities, a subject meriting serious consideration. Colleges are turned into football, athletic and pugilistic theaters, and graduates come out to go to work for those who had no time to go to college, until I sometimes wonder if these improved facilities—free schools, education made easy and in everybody's reach, has not cheapened it, until it is not properly appreciated; for, you know, we prize most what we strive hardest to obtain. Too many go to college to have a good time. The San Francisco Chronicle in a recent editorial gave forcible reasons why boys at college should be limited by law to $2,500 a year expense money. What a limit! Why, twenty-five dollars is several times more "expense money" than I saw in all my school years, in and out of school. Are not these conditions responsible for the growing tendency to sporting, instead of business; to pugilism and ruffianism, instead of culture and progress; and for many of the "get-rich-quick" schemes, devised in the hope to match the affluence of rich men's sons met at college? Even the public press offers premiums to incivility and ill-breeding, by its Alphonse-Gaston and similar caricatures. Example: The San Francisco Ferries during the "rush hours." Rough Riders are become our heroes, and one of our great men of today says he would rather see us produce builders than men of letters and men of art.

I wonder how many of you really appreciate your golden opportunities.

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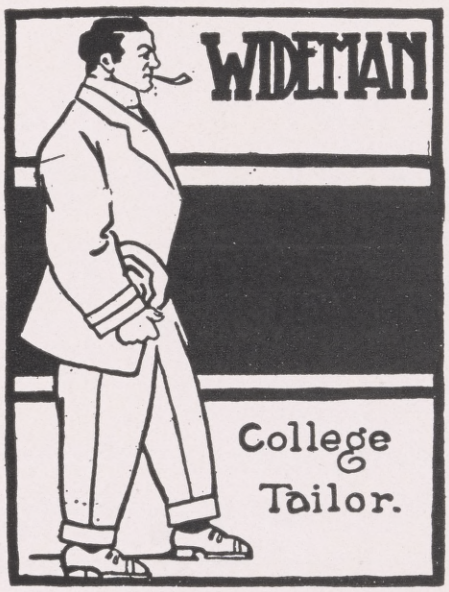

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